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Inflation Control: Going... Going...

EDWIN NIEDERBERGER

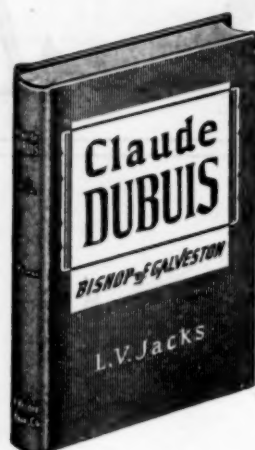
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CLAUDE DUBUIS

Bishop of Galveston

By
L. V. JACKS
With Frontispiece

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The life of this saintly pioneer bishop of the Middle West should interest us for two reasons.

His holiness is imitable. It developed in the face of difficulties not unlike those which confront many an American priest today. He had to do so much with such meager resources; his flock was dispersed over a wide area and included a large number of fallen-aways; his holiness found expression mostly in the labors of the ministry. Thus his zeal and its success are a stimulus and encouragement for other priests who are situated in like circumstances.

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COMMENT ON THE WEEK

Bomb on Bikini. While the destruction of the ships at Bikini atoll did not reach the fantastic heights foretold by the more imaginative prophets, the results do confirm the dreadful power of the atom bomb. That a single plane, carrying a single bomb, sank five ships and set thirty-one others on fire is an index of what atomic energy can do. From one point of view, the proceedings at Bikini atoll must seem a little academic; if the atom bomb is ever launched in another war, its first targets will doubtless be cities, not ships at sea. While it may be very useful to study the bomb's effect on battleships, it is imperative to study the means of preventing its being used at all. The energy, time and money that went into assembling forty thousand men, scores of ships and many tons of scientific equipment at Bikini for the information of military men must be matched by an equal effort in the interests of peace for all men everywhere.

Italian Sell-out. The Foreign Ministers of the Big Four, after weeks of wrangling, approached a definitive solution of the Venezia Giulia and the Trieste disputes. Or so they hoped. The decisions thus far reached include the "compromise" frontier line between Italy and Yugoslavia as proposed by France, and an agreement to internationalize Trieste and its environs. Internationalized Trieste is to become, for the time, a ward of UN. Yugoslavia thus acquires an immense amount of territory to which she has no legitimate claim and which in tradition and population is overwhelmingly Italian. Further assaults on Italy included a voiding of her title to all her colonies and the imposition of ruinous reparations in favor of Russia. For dubious short-term gain the United States sacrifices a certain long-term advantage. Bluntly, we have sold out our best friend in Europe.

The New "New Order." It is disquieting but important to recognize again the too-familiar pattern behind the Italian decisions. The Western Powers come to the conferences with "ultimate concessions" that in the minds of most western peoples are already well beyond the ultimate boundaries of justice, honor and self-interest. The Russians enter "ultimate demands" so wildly excessive and unfounded as to seem ridiculous in any atmosphere not alight with the deadly earnestness of Messrs. Molotov, Vishinsky, Gromyko & Co. The

discussions begin. Slowly the western line begins to crumble and its defenders to fall back—in the inglorious phrase—to "prepared positions." The Russians make important concessions. And the result once more is—Trieste. For proof of this analysis note the remarkable similarity between the final decision and the original Soviet demand of last April. Why does Soviet technique succeed? Because the Russians know what they want. It is conviction or doubt upon the end pursued that makes any technique strong or flabby. After initial floundering in the postwar world, the Western Powers recently gave evidence of a laudable determination to stand by the principles and objects for which the war was fought. The surrender on Trieste is the more disheartening in that it marks an ominous faltering in that determination. The determination was well grounded in the conviction that sent America to war—that the world cannot remain half slave and half free. This is no time to forget it.

THIS WEEK

COMMENT ON THE WEEK.....	317
Washington Front.....	Wilfrid Parsons 321
Underscorings.....	A. P. F. 321
ARTICLES	
Inflation Control:	
Going, Going.....	Edwin Niederberger 322
Six Years in Dachau.....	Marieli Benziger 324
An Opportunity for	
Catholic Men.....	Louis Barr, S.M. 326
Catholic France in War	
and Peace: II.....	Jean Minéry, S.J. 328
EDITORIALS	330
End of Price Control . . .	Blow to Decent Wages
. . . Senator Bilbo . . .	Lessons from Austria . . .
Land Reform in Germany	
LITERATURE AND ART.....	333
A Shrine for Mary's Assumption... Earl A. Weis	
What Is a Review?.....	H. C. G.
BOOKS	REVIEWED BY
Most Worthy of All	
Praise	Henry Willmering, S.J. 334
Mariology . . .	Spirit in
Darkness.....	Herbert A. Musurillo, S.J. 334
The Kingdom of Jesus... The Sacred Heart	
of Jesus.....	Stewart E. Dollard 335
THEATRE.....	FILMS.....
CORRESPONDENCE.....	THE WORD 343

Rents and OPA. Expiration of OPA on June 30 created serious complications in housing. In scattered parts of the country many landlords reacted by demanding a rise in rent. Requests for eviction-notice blanks increased. New York State had ready its own rent-control law against just such a day. Other States were not so fortunate, although some enacted immediate legislation or had recourse to emergency executive powers. The Association of Apartment House Operators sent out telegrams to members urging them to keep increases below 15 per cent. There is no doubt that the acute housing shortage plays into the hands of rapacious landlords. Although, fortunately, these are in the minority, they can readily play havoc with the housing situation. Unlike the situation in other industries, the housing shortage, even with greatly increased production, cannot be solved except over a long period of years. Further complications arise from the fact that, even if landlords would keep rent increases proportionate to actual cost increases, rents cannot remain reasonable if labor and maintenance costs get out of bounds.

Construction Angle. From the construction point of view the outlook on housing is just as gloomy. When OPA granted ceiling increases on certain essential building materials, increased production did not always follow. Even with ceilings gone, there is still doubt whether the disorganized building industry can appreciably increase production. Its past history reveals a tendency to maintain high prices in times of prosperity rather than to expand production, reduce unit costs and thus lower prices. The \$400 million recently granted the Housing Expediter for premium payments to secure increased production is apparently tied up by a restriction which limits its use to those observing OPA ceilings. What happens when there are no OPA ceilings is not quite clear at the time of writing. Anyhow, the general confusion and mounting prices make even less likely the achievement of Mr. Wyatt's 2,700,000 goal of new houses within the next eighteen months. Housing is very limited, but prices aren't.

UNRRA and Censorship. The House of Representatives, on June 27, allowed itself to be stampeded into an unwise move by Representative Everett M. Dirksen of Illinois. It approved a proposal to ban the use of any of the still-due \$465 million for UNRRA in any country which denies to American newsmen free access to write uncensored stories about the uses to which relief funds are put. This action was prompted by reports that Russia refuses to give newsmen writing from those regions any "special privileges" in the matter of censorship; all news from Russia is censored, and news about UNRRA will receive the same treatment. At the same time, however, UNRRA officials, the State Department and some newsmen state that thus far the utmost freedom of travel, inspection and reporting has been given to all relief operators working in those regions. It would appear that Russia is rather churlishly going to stick to her position that she *can* exercise censorship and then unpredictably not make use of her pretended right. We think that the action of the House, therefore, was rather on an academic plane; it dealt with the theory of censorship, not with any actual application of it. And theories must not be let interfere with vitally needed relief; millions in White Russia and the Ukraine are dependent on what UNRRA sends them, and though freedom of the press is a noble goal, its perfect achievement here and now cannot be permitted to keep bread from the starving. There is, of course, always the danger that a totalitarian regime may misuse relief for political purposes. Russia has done it in the past, notably in Yugoslavia, but it is to be remarked that when a rider similar to the Dirksen proposal was killed in the debate over the last UNRRA appropriations, and the President was requested to urge other nations to grant freedom of reporting on relief activities, rumors of misadministration of relief goods slackened considerably. We think that that should be our Government's tactic now: the Senate should kill the Dirksen proposal; relief should be given to White Russia and the Ukraine while, at the same time, every force of diplomatic exhortation and public opinion should push for full freedom of reporting on relief administration.

Polish Referendum. Once the fact is stated that the referendum conducted by the so-called Polish Government was a fraud from start to finish, the less said about it the better. Best comment on the despicable affair was an ironic paragraph wired by W. H. Lawrence to the *New York Times* on July 1. Said the competent Mr. Lawrence:

The Government obviously is quite pleased, with a high

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percentage of the population voting, which, however, neither in size nor unanimity reached the level attained by the Soviet Union, which has had more practice.

The only real question at issue was whether the future Poland would have a one-house or a two-house Parliament. The coalition Government, completely dominated by the Communists and subservient to Moscow, advocated a single house. Only Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, leader of the Peasant Party, opposed the official platform, and in a fair election, with an honest chance to reach the electorate, he would have won easily. But the Kremlin could not afford to lose the Polish election, and there never was any possibility that it would. Although the final results of the referendum have not yet been announced as this issue of AMERICA goes to press, it is a foregone conclusion that the Government will win. Against this background of totalitarian perfidy in Warsaw, the oath of General Anders' Second Polish Corps, on the eve of its demobilization in Italy, assumes a heart-rending pathos. Before God, their military banners and the graves of their comrades, these gallant soldiers swore to continue their struggle for the liberation of Poland from the servile agents of Moscow. Such loyalty to an ideal the world of free men will reverence and applaud.

Christian Democrats in Argentina. Catholics in Argentina are by no means of one mind on political and social matters, any more than they are in this country. The Christian Democrats opposed Perón and the authoritarianism he stood for. Together with the other democratic parties of the opposition, they lost in the recent presidential election. Now they are studying the reasons for the failure. These are the reasons given by one of their number recently writing in the Christian Democratic review, *Orden Cristiano*:

1. An astute and malicious propaganda has given the *coup de grâce* to the unity of Argentine Catholics. We are divided, deeply divided, and not to recognize it would be to betray the truth.

2. Our religious formation leaves much to be desired. The majority of Catholics finish their instruction with the Catechism, learned by memory at the age of ten. . . . The Gospel and the socio-political teaching of the Church are themes which interest few or none at all. But it is not all the fault of the faithful.

3. We also lack civic consciousness and political education. The traditional parties have fought more to gain office than to enlighten the public. The parties of the Left, who, to tell the truth, are more honest, constitute a minority, and certain points of their programs are unacceptable to Catholics.

4. The nationalist *mystique*, negative and destructive . . . had magnificent pretexts for its success: the communist menace, cleverly exploited by all the reactionaries; disgraced political leaders; a parliament in

obvious decadence . . . electioneering frauds. Many youths in good faith believed in the therapeutic properties of nationalism, announced as the universal panacea.

5. The totalitarians, constituting 10 per cent, acted in concert, while the immense majority of democrats limited themselves to fighting as free-shooters.

The above quotation, for whose translation we are indebted to CIP, tells its own story. Americans, Catholics included, should take note.

"Commy Trouble" in the CIO. Any lingering hope nourished by the CIO high command that the wordy, unrealistic resolution on communism adopted at the recent convention of the United Steelworkers would becalm the troubled ideological waters has been rudely shattered by violent blasts within the United Furniture Workers and the National Maritime Union. Following an appeal to CIO President Philip Murray by a number of insurgent furniture locals for help in freeing their union from communist domination, Morris Muster, President of the UFW since its founding in 1937, resigned his office and told the organization's 130 locals that "communistic chicanery and intrigue have captured our international." The reverberations from this healthy explosion were still sounding at CIO headquarters in Washington when Joseph Curran, President of the National Maritime Union, charged the Red Fascists with manipulating the union's recent election in an effort to achieve complete domination. Making a seemingly final break with the Communists—rumors of which have been heard on the docks with increasing frequency in recent months—Mr. Curran announced that, in the event the Communist slate was declared winner of the election, he would challenge the result. Observers of CIO affairs were waiting to see what action, if any, Mr. Murray would take. It did not seem possible that a clean-cut stand on this issue could be much longer delayed.

Refugees and Zionism. Civilized countries, either individually or through the United Nations, have an obligation to find a suitable refuge for those Jews in Europe, who, understandably, will not return to their former homes. Forced repatriation would be no less obnoxious in their case than in that of refugees from Eastern Europe who distrust the puppet governments. It is most regrettable, however, that the finding of a home for the victims of anti-Semitism should have been confused with the full achievement of Zionist aims in Palestine. In exploiting the refugee problem to develop further religio-nationalist mystique behind genuine Zionism, the Zionist sym-

pathizers have done neither their brethren nor world peace any favor. All they have accomplished is to confuse a clear-cut case of basic human rights—violated by all anti-Semites who would discriminate against Jews in whatever country they may live—with an obscure claim for a Jewish “nationality” and a small strip of land on which it may be expressed. It is quite clear that rights of Palestinian Jews and previous immigrants must be protected. Moreover, it is probably true that 100,000 refugee Jews might satisfactorily be admitted to Palestine as a humanitarian emergency measure. But it is also clear by this time that some Zionists and Zionist sympathizers outside of Palestine will not rest satisfied with these steps, nor with some others recommended by the Anglo-American Committee. They seem quite ready to use force and threats of force to get all that they want, even if the British would have to back them up with arms. This the British, who have to keep order, refuse to do. By urging recourse to violence, Zionists are hurting the Jewish cause, which, apart from religious revival, is identified with the vindication of human and civil rights everywhere.

Refugees and Christians. Despite the bluntness of expression, there is a wealth of truth in Mr. Bevin's sentence about anti-Semitism in New York. It is precisely the unwillingness of Christians, among whom Catholics must be numbered, to put aside their dislike of Jews and grant them equal rights which is strengthening the Zionist cause and making the solution of the Palestine question well-nigh insoluble. If the extremist element in Zionism is seriously confused, so too are many Christians.

Further Light on Mihailovich. The witnesses at General Mihailovich's “trial” in Belgrade were unanimous in their denunciation of the Chetnik leader, thereby lending the proceedings a thoroughly rehearsed air. There was one exception. General Dusan Simovich, Yugoslav Premier at the time of the German invasion, maintained it was common knowledge that General Mihailovich was always anti-German and that he was the first to effect contact with the Allies. Even less palatable to Tito's comrades in Moscow was Simovich's statement that he had sought a pact of mutual aid with the Soviet Union but that, instead, Molotov timidly advanced an “agreement” without provisions for assistance. Stalin, of course, was knee-deep in his non-aggression pact with Hitler at the time. Nonetheless, Mihailovich went ahead with the struggle. For this he has become an ob-

ject of vile vituperation to his Belgrade judges, which fact strongly approaches an expression of guilt on their part. Meanwhile the Committee for a Fair Trial for Draja Mihailovich in New York has made public a statement by Captain Eli Popovich of Chicago, former OSS man who served with the American Military Mission to Tito's headquarters. In January, 1944, together with Major Linn M. Farish (subsequently killed in Greece) he parachuted to Tito's headquarters and stayed for over two months. During his stay, he writes, the American-British Mission was not permitted to see a single battle of the Partisans with the Germans, although they had received many reports of such. The Partisans frequently produced “documents” which they claimed were captured from the Chetniks; Tito's men furthermore told them that they had captured Chetniks who were fighting on the German side. But whenever the Americans asked for permission to examine the “documents” or interrogate the “captured Chetniks,” they were told that it was not feasible. Capt. Popovich, who speaks Serbo-Croatian fluently, reveals that from his personal observation he knows the vast majority of Yugoslav peasantry expressed burning hatred for the Partisans, whom they called Communists, and were dismayed at Anglo-American policy supporting the Communists, their worst enemies.

French Birth Rate. To give pause to those who predicted, after the fall of France before the Nazi onslaught, that France was degenerate and finished, comes news to assure us that the French are still a sturdy nation. After World War I the birth rate dropped from 770,000 in 1915 to an average 446,000 from that year on. This resulted, among other things, in a sharp decline in the numbers available for military service, and gave ground for the famous remark of Marshal Pétain that France had been defeated in part by birth control. But there is no such decline after World War II; there is, on the contrary, an increase never equaled in the past fifty years; by 1947 the average is expected to reach 750,000, or 100,000 higher than the average for the years immediately preceding the war. Despite the long separation of families when the husband was a prisoner of war; despite the desperate housing shortage and scarcity of food, the French again prove their greatness—they are far from the vanishing point. In assigning causes for this resurgence, social philosophers will do well to attribute proper weight to the Catholic revival, which Father Minéry has pointed out in AMERICA for June 29 and in this week's issue.

WASHINGTON FRONT

SEVERAL LEADERS of the Democratic party, even among those who follow President Truman, professed themselves dumbfounded at his veto of the OPA bill. Some blamed it on the hot Washington weather; some merely said he had lost his head. I doubt if any of these really believed they were surprised. The tip-off had come in his letter to Senator Tobey the previous week, in which he had blamed the Senator for the Pauley fiasco.

Those who know Mr. Truman well say he has two outstanding characteristics: he is the most amiable and humble of men, and he has courage. Yet apparently even those who were in the Senate with him are still interpreting his amiability and humility as weakness. They really did not believe the President would have the "nerve" to veto the bill at so late a date.

And it did take a lot of courage to veto the bill just when he did. Yet it seems to me that if the bill had come to him three weeks earlier he might have signed it. But the Congress dawdled along, and at the end it really looked as if the dawdling had a plan to it. By presenting him with the bill two days before the time for OPA was up, Congress, or its leaders, felt they had the upper hand.

Those who listened to the President's speech on the radio the evening of the day of the veto, are agreed that he was plainly angry with Senator Taft for his crippling amendments. But there was another undertone, too, which was discernible. His voice perceptibly hardened when he mentioned the delay in passing the bill. In plain words, they had dared him to do it, and he refused to take a dare, and that, I am told, is entirely in character. He knew, also, that if he had knuckled down he was sunk. People would surely say the amiable Truman was precisely that, and no more.

This is not to say that he was not convinced the bill handed him was a bad one. His arguments clearly showed he did believe it. But there was also, above these two aspects, still another: the rights of the Presidency in the eternal battle between the legislative and executive branches. I believe that in these later weeks Mr. Truman has at last realized that he is President, and has become determined to preserve the prerogatives of the Presidency, regardless of his own personal political fortunes.

It may turn out that such a line of action will be the best way to forward these fortunes. A President who was a rubber stamp for Congress would have little chance of re-election. Our whole political history proves it. WILFRID PARSONS

UNDERSCORINGS

THE CANONIZATION of two Jesuit priests, Bernardino Realino, an Italian (1530-1616; beatified by Leo XIII) and John de Britto, a Portuguese martyred in India (1647-1693; beatified by Pius IX in 1853) will take place in St. Peter's, Rome, on September 22. The two new saints will be the 25th and 26th to be raised to sainthood in the 400-year history of the Society of Jesus.

► Saints Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Society of Jesus, and Francis Xavier were the first Jesuit saints; they were canonized together in 1622. Then followed St. Francis Borgia in 1670; Saints Aloysius Gonzaga and Stanislaus Kostka in 1726; St. John Francis Regis in 1737; St. Francis de Geronimo in 1839; the Japanese Martyrs, Saints Paul, John and James, in 1862; Saints John Berchmans, Alphonsus Rodriguez and Peter Claver in 1888; St. Peter Canisius in 1925 (and simultaneously declared a Doctor of the Church); the eight North American Martyrs, Isaac Jogues, John de Brebeuf and companions, in 1930; and St. Robert Bellarmine also in 1930 (declared a Doctor of the Church in 1931); St. Andrew Bobola in 1938.

► The Holy Father has appointed Msgr. Leo P. Dworschak, Vicar General of the Diocese of Fargo, to be Coadjutor Bishop of Rapid City, South Dakota, and Rev. Daniel Joseph Feeney, pastor of Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary Church, Presque Isle, Me., to be Auxiliary Bishop of Portland, Maine.

► Since 1940, Marygrove College of Detroit has been issuing a new sort of yearbook. A central theme is chosen for exhaustive treatment in a series of student essays. The 1940 theme was "The Guilds, Medieval and Modern"; in 1941 the golden jubilee of *Rerum Novarum* was commemorated; in 1942 the theme was the Jesuit Reductions of Paraguay; in 1943, "Peace"—quest of the centuries; the American Hierarchy was commemorated in 1944 and last year the Church's work in education. Now we have "Into Her Own," the 1946 treatment of woman's status from ancient times through the Middle Ages. The essays are expertly done and the bibliographies deserve particular praise. We could suggest themes for future yearbooks, two in particular: a new era of the Missions and special opportunities for Catholic lay action in the United States.

► The Texas State convention of the Knights of Columbus, held recently at Amarillo, drafted a solemn resolution to "make a united front, spiritually, socially and legally, in manner and form provided by our Holy Mother the Church, to help wipe out the disease of civil divorce." A. P. F.

Inflation Control: Going, Going . . .

EDWIN NIEDERBERGER

[This article was written before the price-stabilization act, following President Truman's veto of HR 6042, expired on June 30. Since the question of price control is still alive, and the basic issue remains unchanged, we have decided to publish this competent analysis of Mr. Niederberger's without change.—EDITOR.]

THE POTENTIAL DESTRUCTIVENESS of the inflation which has been getting under way is somewhat obscured by the many other current problems which press for immediate attention. Yet it looms as the most potent single economic factor which in the moderately long view will affect the future of the United States and, indirectly and perhaps less potently, of the world. There may still be time to save the day but, with the miserable foundering of price control, the greatest danger lies in an apathetic acceptance of a state of affairs which has resulted from the basic failure to consider the problem of inflation in full and proper perspective and in terms of the common good.

The admitted dangers of inflation—with its consequent deflation, depression and probable social upheavals—should have been sufficient justification for removing the problem from the level of political and economic expediency to that of a national emergency. As a peril to the common good, it should have been met with the full panoply of governmental, labor, industrial and consumer cooperation in the same manner as war, floods, famine and other catastrophes are met. Yet, unlike the so called "acts of God" which often strike without warning, inflation could be seen coming, and full counsel and action should have been taken to avert it.

The common will during the past year may be summarized in the mandate: "achieve prosperity but avoid inflation." This was the first goal to aim for, then should have followed consideration of the means thereto. It is here that a curious mangling of the mandate has taken place for, instead of any integrated program supporting the mandate as a whole, we find conflicting programs supporting one or the other of the terms of the mandate. "Achieve prosperity" is generally considered to call for full production, and nobody quarrels with this measure. It means full employment, expanded incomes and full consumption. But, to "avoid inflation," the most conspicuous

means was the program of price control; and it is here that dissension and conflicting counsel have broken out. Price control has been favored by the Administration, by labor and, according to the evidence of opinion polls, by the general public. Yet divisions of opinion occurred within these ranks, some advocating control of all prices, including wages, while labor, with few exceptions, objected to any limitation whatever on its income.

Opponents—among whom are very influential manufacturing, commercial and newspaper interests—present several arguments to the effect that price control is impracticable and is a deterrent to attainment of full production. Some of them have admitted, however, that without price control there would be a general price rise and an eventual deflation.

This condition of divided counsel has generated intense emotion, and the contending parties have presented their views to the Government and the public in varied guises. It is only in considering the violence and blur of the conflict that a true understanding can be had, for they have conditioned the course of action in a startling manner. Certainly the wild career of the bill to extend OPA would defy any attempt to explain it as a rational development of public policy.

The first thing to strike one's notice is the absence of a voice of authority on such purely economic points as the nature and probable expression of inflationary forces, the necessary scope of control and the consequences of lack of control. Instead there are many voices, a few disinterested but without sufficient moral or official power, but most of them suspect because of special interests. So low is the estate of economic science, so long has it been disdainfully aloof from any association with principles of morality, so often have motives of self-interest influenced its spokesmen, that even the things it could speak on with authority were ignored.

But by far the most explosive factor underlying the present confusion is the portentous state of tension existing between exponents of capital and labor, between capital and the Administration, and even between labor and the Administration. As this situation affected inflation-control, the greatest public disservice has come from capital, the more extreme but powerful champions of

which have been driving hard for total sovereignty in the management of business. By savagely attacking the principle and methods of price control, and by failing to offer any positive program of protection of the public against inflation, they seem to have recklessly disregarded the country's future welfare in favor of their own amazingly short-sighted interests. For what they saw, or claimed to see, in price control was not merely a specific means of combating a specific common danger, but a general structural change in the American economy; and it may well be that their attitude will serve to hasten the day of a change less desirable than might otherwise occur. But for the present, by their singular and passionate injection of the issue of regimentation, of socialism and what not, the forest began to be lost in the trees, and through their emphasis on scarcities of goods, the black market and wage increases, the confusion become worse confounded.

Labor, on the other hand, has been the strongest defender of price control. Yet, with the exception of at least Walter Reuther, it has shown too little concern over the price increases that might follow its demands, however just. But with the nation lacking a determined, comprehensive program of control, and with strong capitalist groups undermining whatever control there was, labor cannot be blamed for looking out for itself in the disgraceful free-for-all.

Extremists in both camps have seen the matter only as it affected them, and have forgotten that it is part of a larger campaign which will in the long run affect the outcome of their own battle. Wiser counsel should have taught them to consider whether the general problem of industrial relations, including wages, should be worked out in an anarchy of inflation, with disaster for both capital and labor a strong probability, or in a framework of overall control.

But nowhere has the prevailing confusion been so dramatized as in Congress, where pressures and influences exerted by capitalist groups resulted in a precipitate House action which virtually stripped OPA of its powers. The debate was continued in the Senate in an atmosphere of the same pressures and of hastily mobilized counter-pressures, with no progress made at all toward a thoughtful and considered statement of the nation's conscience. Yet it was in Congress that this responsibility lay, and the failure of Congress to take its stand on the high ground of the common good is one of the saddest pages in the history of our flirtation with inflation-control.

Just as the conflict over industrial relations and its methods indicates the low and absurdly im-

proper plane on which the issues have been fought, so the final narrowing of the general battle lines to the OPA reveals the limited scope within which the problem has been viewed. It cannot seriously be contended that inflation-control is simply a matter of prices of goods and rents. It does affect wages. It does affect interest. It does affect credit and investment. It does affect governmental finance. A program of real control must embrace all of these. The identification of inflation-control with OPA was additionally unfortunate in that the defects of price administration have been argued to indicate the impracticability of any control; yet it is more probable that the muddle of OPA has been due not so much to OPA itself as to a public policy concerned with only a portion of the problem-area and permitting the progressive deterioration of the issue. And quite deteriorated it is.

It may be suggested, however, that the present deplorable situation can easily lead to a people's revolt, and that public sentiment needs only the spark of determined leadership to renew the battle. There seem to be no illusions about an inflationary prosperity. *Fortune*, in a recent issue, analyzed the impending boom and presented various estimates of its duration. *Après nous, le déluge*. But among the people there is only dismay at the present and dread of the future. Yet the power to avert the catastrophe is in their hands. It is now a blind power, a stupified power. Who knows the people so well as to say that this power could not, even at this eleventh hour, be galvanized into a lightning stroke of decisive action? What would be entailed therein?

First, foremost and fundamentally, there can be no further chance of inflation-control unless the whole issue is resurrected in its entirety, unless it is lifted from the present levels of conflict to the supreme level its importance demands—that of a public emergency; and unless it is considered in its overall aspects, with all available and necessary means of combat assayed. An authoritative voice must make itself heard, warning of the dangers ahead and of this last opportunity. Contending parties must be made aware that they are on consecrated ground. An aroused public opinion must brook no delays or diversions. A rounded, non-partisan program of control, profiting by the mistakes of the past, must be striven for.

To achieve the first and most important step—that of resurrecting the issue in its entirety and placing it on the top level of public policy—it would be most fitting that the President mobilize, in most solemn and spectacular manner, a program to form the nation's conscience. That was

done during the depression and during the war, and could be done now. He might call upon wise and public-spirited economists to formulate a theory and program of control. His new economic board should maintain continuous watch upon the progress of the nation's economy. With the public conscience fully formed, appropriate legislation for a general plan of inflation-control should be called for, consistent as far as possible with the principle of subsidiarity. Capital and labor should study this plan and agree to work out their problems, including labor's requirements for income adjustments, within it; this might require new techniques and a new top-level coordination which would interpret the plan of the economy in terms of the particular industry.

Can it be done? Is it not too late? The choice is between the attempt and certain disaster. It is a last chance.

SIX YEARS IN DACHAU

MARIELI G. BENZIGER

ON MARCH 28, 1945—barely a year ago—prisoner 22527 and 150 others were lined up before the *Kommandant* of Dachau. They were made to sign a paper. Each was given a pile of clothing and told to change from prison garb to civilian and be gone. Prisoner 22527 trembled from head to foot. His festering ear throbbed; he had had mastoid several times and his ears had been boxed so often that it was a wonder he could still hear.

As if in a dream, doubting his own sanity, he mechanically did as he had been ordered. He smiled as he felt the warmth of the heavy blue wool coat—he had known the suffering that comes from cold. For six years he had not felt such warmth: a thin pair of trousers, a sweater and shoes—that was all the prisoners in concentration camps could wear.

Now prisoner 22527 dressed, took his identification papers and left Dachau. He wondered what the trick was. Would he be gassed as had been hundreds of thousands? Would his body lie like cord-wood till it rotted away? Would he be seized as he crossed the threshold of Dachau, to become a human guinea-pig in some laboratory? Had he not spent months recording such experiments inside Dachau? Had he not seen what had happened to hundreds of Polish priests—both in the operating room and dental clinic?

The 150 men released on March 28, 1945, were all priests. They did not then know why they were freed, but were later to learn the reason.

The American Army was advancing on Munich, and Allied Commanders were not to find any priests in concentration camps. During Father Joseph Steinkelderer's stay in Dachau (he was 22527) some 3,000 priests of all nationalities were incarcerated in that living hell. 1,500 had died. This did not include the number of Polish priests who died—few ever lived.

I have seen Father Steinkelderer many times and heard him talk about Dachau. He never refers to it unless he is questioned. Little by little that terrible, haunted, beaten look has left his face. But at times his eyes betray the hidden fear that none who have endured what he endured can ever forget. Today, as Director of relief for all of Tyrol and Vorarlberg, he best understands what charity and kindness mean. The things of this earth mean nothing to him; he wonders why God has spared him and given him life.

The worst characteristics of every man come to the front inside a concentration camp; morale is at its lowest ebb. A man has no hope; he is derided, made to become a worm and not a human being. To be stripped, lashed and beaten in public was at least a virile punishment—but this in the end became uncommon. The constant ridicule and sarcasm—these were what lowered morale. To have one's face slapped for the slightest thing, to have one's glasses knocked from one's nose, was not painful but it was degrading. The constant supervision, the ripping off of one's only shirt to see that one was not wearing an extra bit of warm underwear, the yanking up of trousers to see if one wore forbidden socks, the tearing off of bandages—because bandaged hands or fingers were not permitted—these were ignominious. It was a criminal offense to be found with a wound. When you were hurt hauling heavy stones, or like oxen carting extraordinary weights, you were punished, because all wounds were considered self-inflicted.

Twice in 1939 Father Steinkelderer, the Austrian priest in charge of the youth of Tyrol, had been arrested. Twice he had been released because no definite crime could be proved. His bishop, fearing for his life (they had been classmates at the Jesuit Seminary in Innsbruck), now sent him as parish priest into a small village away from nazi observation. The beautiful wayside shrines were being smashed and broken. Father Steinkelderer with the village elders went to complain. He was immediately thrown into prison for inciting to rebellion. All the priests of the Tyrol fared badly, one out of every five being thrown into prison by their nazi overlords.

The third time Father Steinkelderer was ar-

rested, two so-called American women were supposed to have reported him to the Gestapo for having advised them to flee Germany and seek refuge in Switzerland. The concentration camp of Sachsenhausen near Berlin was far enough away from Austria to make people forget this quiet priest who was not afraid of speaking the truth. Here Father Steinkelderer saw how a noted Austrian lawyer, arrested with him, was left dying on the lavatory floor; he had been kicked to death. A second companion had his head systematically stuck into an oven so that all the hair had been singed off. As the number of arrested priests increased, it was thought best to move some 2,000 of the clergy to Dachau, outside of Munich.

The barracks for the priests in Dachau were so crowded that the 200 who were squeezed into the same quarters could not stretch out at night. They curled up their knees to make room for all. When numbers increased, tables were placed in the room, and some of the priests slept on the tables. Many of them were sick, had coughs, colds, bronchitis or pneumonia. They were whipped for coughing. From then on, the sick and dying had to sleep in the latrines—on the cold, smelly, unsanitary floor. The priests began to take turns sitting up at night to watch the sick and the dying in the lavatories. Hundreds died without medication, care or help.

I asked what sort of punishment they most dreaded, and I was given the following example of what did most to break their spirit, to make them lose faith in man. One morning some 250 priests were in the barracks, awaiting orders, when an SS officer rushed in and ordered them to stand at attention. This they did. With a lash in his hand he yelled: "All of you squat under the tables and await my command." The priests obeyed. They represented every possible religious congregation—Benedictines, Jesuits, Dominicans—some forty-five Orders and congregations were there. There were young priests, old ones, monsignori and simple priests. All had been consecrated to the service of God—now like simpletons they were made to feel what the nazi regime thought of their office. Wondering what next, the priests squatted. "Lift the tables with your heads!" The long tables, heavy as lead, at which some twenty men were seated at meals, began to move. "One, two, three, up—down; one, two three, up—down, up—down, up—down, up—down."

Other SS officers came into the room and laughed at the *Pfaffenfresser*. Puns were made about the "black-robed apes." When the command to "halt" came, the exhausted priests stood in line. "Right about face. Climb to the top of

your wardrobe and sit there till told what to do." Each priest struggled to climb the six-foot wooden closet, with only a wooden doorknob on which to climb. Many an older Abbot or priest was aided by a younger man. One old prelate of sixty slipped and fell. Father Steinkelderer and several others rushed to his aid. The SS officer was quicker. He seized an iron pot and struck the head of the fallen prelate over and over, then aimed a few blows at the men who had come to his rescue. These scrambled to their perches and had to watch the agonies of this comrade who expired before their eyes.

For the next ten minutes each priest remained squatting on top of his wardrobe, six feet in the air—like monkeys in a zoo. This had not been humiliating enough, apparently, and they were forced by their taunting and mocking jailers to chant the Good Friday hymn, *Crux Fidelis Inter Omnes*. "Faithful Cross amidst all others, noble Tree alone thou art, sweet Thy wood, Thy nails still sweeter. . . ." At their feet lay the martyr priest.

During the six years behind barbed wire the greatest of all privations had been denial of the Holy Sacrifice. Only four times was Father Steinkelderer able to say the words of Consecration. Dispensation had been given: ordinary bread could be used, no vestments or altars were required, but under the watchful eye of nazi warlords it was difficult to find means of consecrating.

Usually, out of the 3,000 priests, one or another was chosen. Towards the end of their confinement a chapel had been arranged. The Vatican had protested, the Vatican had seen that at least some spiritual relief was given. The chapel held 800, that is, if they squeezed into the barracks and stood one next to the other. On entering, each took a tiny particle of bread and held it in his hand. The hands of the priests in Dachau became living patens—and all together said the Mass and breathed over that particle of bread the words of consecration, and all communicated, receiving the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ at the same moment. Only the poor Polish priests were excluded from this consoling sacrifice. Every morning, by bribing, they managed to sneak in one or at the most two Poles. Hundreds of priests died without any spiritual comfort save the bitter tears of their companions.

Hundreds died of typhoid and of tuberculosis. There was a young German deacon whose days were numbered. He, too, had tuberculosis. He longed to die a priest. The only bishop, a Pole, had died. Word got around that prisoner number

103001 was the Bishop of Clermont-Ferrand, Msgr. Gabriel Piguet. He suffered from the cold and damp. His companions saw to it that he was given a blanket and slept in a less draughty corner. All rejoiced that at last a bishop was in their midst, for he could ordain the dying German deacon.

For weeks the barracks became bee-hives of activity. Each did his best to bribe his jailer. Some received Red Cross food parcels or cigarettes, and these were exchanged for the red silk in the carpenter shop which made the bishop's vestments. Another got the wood from which the pectoral cross was lovingly carved, and the gold paint with which to gild the miter. Father Steinkelderer, who worked in the operating room, got the Protestant doctor to give him twelve pairs of white gloves. Not till a year later was the doctor to know that these gloves were used to hide the red, raw, bleeding hands of priests who assisted at the Solemn Pontifical Mass celebrated in Dachau on Christmas day, 1944. That Midnight Mass, celebrated by Bishop Gabriel Piguet, was something unforgettable: so, too, was the ordination of a German by a Frenchman, proving that in the sight of God there are no frontiers.

To hide this dying, newly-ordained priest was difficult. Three weeks' illness was all that the Nazis permitted. Any invalid sick longer was gassed or otherwise exterminated. None knew this better than Father Steinkelderer. So began the vigil which enabled the young levite to die happily, surrounded by the priests who had watched over him, who had encouraged him to believe that God would call him to Himself—a "priest forever."

What a pity that people like Father Steinkelderer are not encouraged to place before our Catholics the true facts, to make us forever realize what can become of human beings when Christianity is eradicated from their lives. The threat of concentration camps has not died in Europe; it lives as long as public opinion does not organize to demand that such camps be abolished—not merely in Germany but in Russian-controlled zones.

Today Father Steinkelderer's most cherished possession is a little book with 3,000 names: the names of the priests who were the inmates of Dachau. The dead and the living are listed side by side with the numbers which designated them as prisoners of the Nazi state. Why has something not been done by the clergy and laity of the world at large to let men like Father Steinkelderer realize that their sufferings and sacrifices have not been in vain? Now is the time while these men still live.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR CATHOLIC MEN

LOUIS BARR, S.M.

MILLIONS OF WORDS have been poured out from press, pulpit and platform on the subject of juvenile delinquency; States and communities have made surveys of this problem; parents and teachers have discussed it far into the night.

And the result: millions of words are still flowing; perhaps not in as great a torrent as before our participation in the war, but they splash frequently over the pages of periodicals, with the biggest splashes following in the wake of publicized exploits of a juvenile delinquent.

But it is only natural that youngsters get into difficulties of one kind and another—some of them serious—war or no war. Figures from reports and surveys available after the war will show more or less accurately that the number of delinquency cases decreased as the number of older boys going into the armed forces increased, but that the average age of the juvenile delinquent dropped considerably, indicating beginnings of delinquency at an earlier age than recorded in pre-war days. Truly accurate figures on this problem, however, will not be available, since few counties agree on the definition of a "delinquent" or on the interpretation of such a definition in the State statutes; and still fewer counties attempt to deal with delinquents until the situation has assumed grave proportions. But no figures are needed to prove that delinquency increased during this war.

This was to be expected, for the war industries constituted the chief cause of the unusually large number of "broken" homes—homes in which both father and mother were absent for long periods, day and night, while the children were left to shift for themselves. Normal family life is impossible under such conditions, and it is little wonder that parents lose control over their children.

Writing in *AMERICA* (Nov. 18, 1944), Sister Dolorice said, quite accurately:

The most uncultivated mother, provided with a little common sense and blessed with love for her child, can do more than all the agencies in the world. The most time-pressed father, aware of the gift of his paternity and challenged by the potentiality within his child, can show him new worlds to conquer.

Sister Dolorice has touched the heart of the delinquency problem. The fewer the broken homes, the fewer the delinquents. But until that happy solution can be accomplished, we must seek other partial solutions to the problem. I want

to suggest one of the answers, which presents a challenge and an opportunity to Catholic men.

Outside our metropolitan areas, when boys get out of control of their parents, authorities are too often faced with but two alternatives: to dismiss the boy with a reprimand or to send him to a State institution. If he is old enough, he sometimes is taken into a lower court and given a fine. The sentencing of a boy to a State institution is the result of too many dismissals with reprimands instead of efforts to eradicate the causes.

Few communities can afford the expense of maintaining an adequate juvenile-court system. Where these do not exist, the judge of the juvenile court is himself responsible for all cases, usually without the help of welfare agencies other than the public schools and police departments, which are made responsible for fifty per cent or more of the boys placed on probation.

In these cases, however, the contacts between the boys and school or police are, for the most part, perfunctorily made. The authorities are busy with their regular work, and there is little inclination on their part to be of real help to their charges or, actually, to their community. They are satisfied if the boys report according to a pre-arranged schedule and stay out of trouble. If the boys are unfortunate enough to be involved in new escapades, the story starts over in the same way until, finally, the last situation is so grave the only alternative is the reform school or prison.

Consequently, a number of juvenile-court judges, in at least one Midwest State, have obtained excellent results by placing boys on probation to responsible men who take a fatherly interest in their charges. Not infrequently, too, this interest extends to the boys' families in an effort to remove the causes for delinquency, or minimize them, if their roots exist in the home.

If the judge is not a Catholic, however, he is not likely to take great pains to place a Catholic delinquent in the hands of a man sympathetic not only to the boy's problems but also to his religion. No such danger exists, of course, where social agencies of all faiths are represented in a juvenile court.

The point I wish to make is that judges who must dispose of juvenile-delinquency cases without the aid of welfare agencies other than the public schools and police should have at hand the names of Catholic men of good character whom they are at liberty to consult when the occasion demands. They cannot have these names unless Catholic men offer their services as special probation officers or in the same capacity under a different title.

Catholic men may also offer their help to their pastor, because not infrequently the pastor is informed by police or court authorities of cases involving boys of his parish. Again, they may offer their services directly to the police of their community. In the latter instance it is possible, with the cooperation of the officials concerned, to dispose of many cases without the necessity of court procedure, where publicity, especially when older boys are involved, is not always avoidable.

It is impossible to estimate the good that can be done by Catholic men in this field. There is, for instance, the good to the boy himself; and that influence is felt in the family, in the Church and in the community. It is reasonable to assume that his opportunities for a richer life on earth and in heaven are infinitely greater than they would have been had not a twentieth-century Samaritan paused to lend a helping hand.

A word may be said here for the place of Catholic men in the activities of organizations designed to prevent in large measure the surge of juvenile delinquency—groups such as the Columbian Squires, the Boy Scouts, the Catholic Youth Organization and others. Theirs is a continual cry for leaders, Catholic men who are willing to give a part of their valuable time to help boys help themselves. It is cheaper to spend a little time and money now in the prevention of juvenile crime than to saddle taxpayers with staggering obligations in the maintenance of correctional institutions.

Good will and internal peace are not the only qualifications a Catholic man needs when undertaking one of the tasks suggested above. He must have a liking for boys, confidence in them, ability to gain their respect—a combination of sympathetic understanding, common sense and tact, enthusiasm, a sense of humor, dependability and some executive ability. These qualities are not listed in the order of their importance, nor are all of them necessary, but the more of them a man possesses the more successful he will be.

This is written to spur Catholic men to action in those communities where there is no systematic handling of juvenile delinquents, but I feel that authorities in our larger cities will welcome such help, if offered. So many of our probation officers are overloaded with cases that it is next to impossible to do justice to all delinquents as they would like to do.

This work, to be sure, cannot be done without expenditure of valuable time and occasional, if not many, discouragements. The assistance you give must be persistent—that is what is meant by the word "dependable" given among the quali-

fications. You must stand by the boy through thick and thin, until both of you feel, *really know*, he can continue under his own efforts, but also that, if he falls, he may be able to turn again to you for help in a new crisis.

In this work I would have you keep in mind these words of a character which the Rev. Harold McAuliffe, S.J., quoted in his story of Father Timothy Dempsey, *Father Tim*:

You are one of those charitable guys that only think they are charitable; always wanting to be on the giving end; deadly afraid of being under obligation to the other fellow. Did you ever give a thought to the fact that it may do the other guy some good to be a giver, too? Guys like you, nine times out of ten, are only satisfying their own conceit. Always want to be the philanthropist; rather starve than give the other guy a chance to feel smug like themselves. You'd give a guy a buck, get two bucks' worth of kick out of it, and then pat yourself on the back for your charitableness.

The Catholic man who offers himself in this work will find himself receiving as well as giving.

CATHOLIC FRANCE IN WAR AND PEACE: II

JEAN MINERY, S.J.

(Continued from the issue of June 29)

ARM-CHAIR POLITICIANS had predicted a wave of anti-clericalism after the war because, as they put it, of the silence of the hierarchy and the collaborationist attitude of certain prominent Catholics. There was no wave of anti-clericalism; because there was a positive Catholic contribution which outweighed all the sins of omission or of words or attitude. Catholics had pulled their weight, and more, in the fight against nazism; many of them were leaders in the fight. Stop the average Frenchman who has taken part in the anti-nazi struggle or who has been a prisoner of war and ask him what he thinks of the Catholics. He will perhaps reply that he is not a Catholic himself—is a bit of secularist, maybe—but that he would not stand for molesting the Catholics or the priests who have been his companions in arms or fellow-prisoners.

The Communists have paid tribute many times to the good work done by Catholics during the dark days of the occupation. Yet, on the political plane, they have frequently taken positions opposed to that of the Catholics, especially in the matter of education. There are two main reasons for this.

First of all, the French Communists display a fierce hostility to everything that smacks of Vichy. About the end of 1940 the Vichy govern-

ment took up the question of the "free schools" (which in France are about ninety-per-cent Catholic) and decided upon subsidies, at least on the primary level. The least that can be said of this policy—so diametrically opposed to the fixed policy of the Third Republic—is that it was inopportune. The bishops felt this, and tried to restrain the Government, even though it was acting in their favor. Since the subsidies were a Vichy policy, the Communists, and with them the League for the Rights of Man and the Teachers' Alliance (*Ligue de l'Enseignement*), were quick to demand their suppression as soon as a chance offered itself in the Consultative Assembly.

Moreover, we should not lose sight of the fact that in France the differences between political parties are very often more ideological than social or economic. In France, as in Latin countries in general, attitudes are more personal. The idea of a "cause" is of capital importance. One fights for a cause and, with what is sometimes surprising ease, one distinguishes the cause from the men who defend it.

Are the Communists opposed to Catholics as such? This question might well be answered in the negative, but among many of the working classes the old idea has not yet been effaced that Catholicism is the support of reaction. It must also be remembered that French communism always stems from Marxism, which is a philosophy, a materialistic dialectic, as much as—and perhaps more than—a social, political, economic or international matter. In this respect communism will always be opposed to Catholicism. It is not without interest to note that if French communism has remained faithful to Marxist materialism, there is going on in the bosom of the SFIO (French Socialists of the Workers' International) a characteristic evolution toward a more spiritual conception. This evolution is shown in particular in Léon Blum's last book and in his almost daily editorials in the Socialist journal, *Le Populaire*. The great French socialist leader wields a powerful influence on the working people of France, an influence which has been strengthened by the prestige conferred by his long captivity in German prisons. He affirms without hesitation in his latest book that the world cannot hope to regain its equilibrium unless it builds on a spiritual basis, and he stresses the importance of the Papacy as a pure spiritual power.

This evolution of the Socialist Party explains, on the one hand, why on the level of national politics the young MRP is so close to it. It must be made clear, to avoid misunderstanding, that the

MRP is not a Catholic party in the sense that it is organized and officially supported by the Church. The MRP is a totally independent party, whose leaders act on their own personal responsibility and whose members comprise believers of all kinds. In fact, its top leadership is Catholic and they draw their inspiration and their program from Christian principles and the papal encyclicals.

It would also be a mistake to believe that the rapprochement for common political action of the SFIO and the MRP is merely a matter of opportunism. The position taken by the MRP in the matter of social reform, revolutionary as it may seem to some people, has been worked out over a long series of years and is only the flowering of the constant efforts of many French Catholics to cope realistically and in dynamic fashion with social problems, and to make their actions conform to the conclusions which they drew. The French Catholics have sometimes been reproached with being too much concerned with the intellectual aspects of a question. The reproach is perhaps in some fashion justified, but it is certain also that the intellectuals' direction of Catholic thought is now producing results, even on the political level.

It is still too early to discern clearly what specific new postwar orientations will mark the evolution of Catholic Action in France, but it is probable enough that Catholic Action will direct its first efforts toward the teaching of a personal Christian life and of the sense of human values to its members, particularly the active ones. Already closed retreats of three days are more numerous than ever, as well as weekends of recollection, where in prayer and silence the Catholic Actionists of all classes come to gain light and strength.

On the sacerdotal level, two movements can be seen—still in a tentative stage—which are attracting the attention of priests. One is the new organization of the local clergy. The shortage of priests made itself most keenly felt in the rural parishes. Many of these had no priests. Even if there had been enough priests, would it have been a wise policy to leave a man for many years alone in a little village, where the poverty of the inhabitants would hardly allow him to acquire a library good enough to keep up his sacerdotal studies? The plan of forming communities which could have charge of an entire deanery—or even of several deaneries—is under consideration in many dioceses. It is still in the experimental stage because material difficulties—particularly the lack of cars and gasoline—prevent its being carried out on a sufficiently large scale.

The other movement centers in Paris. The "Paris Mission" is a community of priests, directly

under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Paris, who are free from all parochial responsibilities and who work in the factories of the capital. The source of this idea is not far to seek, since it is fundamental to Catholic Action—the apostolate of like to like—to seek out man in his real environment, to do away with the barriers which prevent direct and concrete action. This experiment is naturally a delicate one, but the fact that it has the full consent and assistance of ecclesiastical authority is significant.

Catholic Action in France is for the present opposed to mass movements whose chief activity—perhaps whose sole activity—would consist in great meetings and discussions. It is, on the contrary, concentrated entirely on the problems of spiritual and social education of Christians who, in their turn, will make their concept of world order pervade the fabric of society. To reform the spirit of social institutions by training capable, competent and alert leaders who can handle the reins of authority at all levels of the social hierarchy—that is, and for a long time will be, the immediate objective of Catholic Action in France.

After the bloody trials of the past five years, which confirmed the efficacy of their methods and threw defects of technique into relief, the Catholics of France are again taking up their work, conscious of the difficulties that await them. The inroads made upon consciences and upon public spirit by the upheavals of the war are profound. Misery is a poor moralist. Many men and women have endorsed principles of morality or of action which, several years ago, they would have sworn never to embrace. But their children were starving to death. The prolonged separations of members of the same family, without any possibility of communication, deprived the youth of the moral influence which is usually given by family life. Then there is the terrible practice, developed through the five years of occupation, of living outside the law. Deception of authority, theft, trickery, sabotage, had become a patriotic duty for thousands of men and young people. What was heroism during the war years has once more become a crime.

One would have to be very obtuse not to see the problem of psychological and moral re-education which this state of affairs poses. Lectures will not do very much; writing hardly more. Direct action and example are what will count. The Catholics of France realize this well. They have to show the same energy, perseverance and skill in this task as they did in resisting nazism. Will they be as successful and as courageous in this struggle as in that? The future will tell.

END OF PRICE CONTROL

EDITORIAL

FOR A SUPPOSEDLY mild-mannered gentleman, President Harry S. Truman packs the kick of a Missouri mule.

Looking back now, after the sensational developments of the past fortnight, one can easily see that the President's drastic anti-strike proposal was no sudden aberration; that there was a point beyond which the affable Mr. Truman could not be driven, and for which he would stand up and kick back with all the force at his disposal. An irate and somewhat frightened inflation bloc in Congress, contemplating the wreckage of price control, knows that now. So do the National Association of Manufacturers, the commercial farm lobbies, and sundry other organizations which for months have been howling for the scalp of OPA.

As President Truman saw it, the Congress presented him, in HR 6042, a bill to extend a weakened price stabilization act until July 1, 1947, with "a sure formula for inflation." The bill, he wrote bluntly in his message to the House on June 29, "continues the Government's responsibility to stabilize the economy and at the same time it destroys the Government's power to do so." If allowed to become law, he argued, "the American people would believe that they were protected by a workable price control law," when they were not so protected. And he added that "it is only fair to tell them the facts now." He felt bound, therefore, to veto the bill and to ask the Congress for a new and more workable law.

Since the Stabilization Act of 1942, as amended, was due to expire the next day, and since in the limited time at its disposal Congress could scarcely pass a more satisfactory measure, the President requested that the old law be continued temporarily by simple resolution. This the House did by an overwhelming majority on July 1, but Senators O'Daniel and Wherry blocked immediate action in the Senate. And so it suddenly came about that for the first time in five years American business and agriculture were free to price their products as they saw fit. Instead of OPA, only competition, the conscience of American business and the American housewife stood between the country and an inflationary bender. The program advocated by the National Association of Manufacturers had finally become the nation's policy, but in a way which nobody had foreseen and for which few were prepared.

The courage of Mr. Truman's action will generally be granted; but its wisdom will be a major issue in the fall elections, and probably in 1948. Despite the advice of his party leaders in Con-

gress, who warned him that a stronger law could not be passed, he gambled on the unwillingness of Congress to let price controls go completely. This gamble he justified on the ground that the bill presented for his signature was so bad that under it prices would probably rise about as much as might be expected if controls were abolished. The veto, at least, would make it clear that his Administration stood stoutly by price controls.

By the time this appears in print, the country may know whether or not Mr. Truman's gamble has failed. Congress can still save the situation, and may do so if prices rise sharply and public indignation rises with them. Meanwhile businessmen are on a dangerous spot and would do well to heed the appeal of NAM President, Ira Mosher, to prove, once and for all, that "American industry is capable of true statesmanship." A short-sighted policy of charging as much as the traffic will bear, especially for food, clothes and rent, will most certainly have disastrous consequences for private enterprise.

For more than four years this Review, as a matter of social justice, has fought for effective price controls. We are proud of that fight. Now, as the nation enters an uncertain future, we can only add our voice, as did that splendid public servant, Chester Bowles, to the chorus exhorting the American people to check greedy impulses and meet the new crisis with intelligence and democratic self-discipline.

BLOW TO DECENT WAGES

IN THAT GRAVEYARD of liberal legislation, the House Rules Committee, died on June 26 the Administration-sponsored attempt to raise minimum rates under the Wages and Hours Act from the existing 40-cent level to 65 cents. After protracted hearings and three weeks of debate, the Senate passed a bill last April incorporating the main features of the Administration program, but then proceeded to spoil the measure by tacking on the so-called Pace amendment. This would have added more than \$4 billion to the nation's food bill and nullified any gains made by the substandard wage group the bill was supposed to benefit. When the House farm bloc insisted on the same amendment as a condition for a green light from the Rules Committee, Administration supporters gave up the hopeless fight.

In the final analysis the Wages and Hours bill was beaten by a coalition of Congressmen who re-

flect the attitudes of politically active and conservative business and farm organizations. In an attempt to split this alliance, which has dominated Congress for the last six years, proponents of decent industrial wages contended the farmers would gain if urban workers had the money to buy decent food and raise their standard of living. But farm spokesmen countered with the argument that higher prices for farm products meant a bigger market for industry and thus more jobs for workers. The contestants plunged right by one another fighting furiously.

The more intelligent farm and labor leaders realize that this is not the type of economic controversy which ought to be settled by political power. Part of the secret of sustained prosperity lies in finding the proper relationship between farm prices and industrial prices, between the shares of the national income which go to workers in the form of wages and to farmers in the form of profits. Such a problem can best be dealt with not by marshaling lobbies in Washington but by friendly conferences among the leaders of agriculture, labor and industry. The real private interest of each group is identical with the general welfare.

SENATOR BILBO

THE SENATE, whose duty it is to be "the judge of the elections, returns and qualifications of its members," seems to be taking that duty lightly in the case of Senator Bilbo. When the Senator called upon the red-blooded Anglo-Saxons of Mississippi to "resort to any means" to keep Negroes from voting in the July 2 primary, and added, "If you don't know what that means, you are just not up on your persuasive measures," his words, with their scarcely veiled threat, can readily have frightened many qualified Negro voters out of exercising their right to vote.

A Senate investigation demanded by Senator Taylor of Idaho has been denied on the grounds that no complaints have been received from Mississippi. Since when have the people of Mississippi become the keeper of the Senate's conscience? Does it require an embassy from Mississippi to tell the Senators what is public knowledge? It is the Senate's duty, which it cannot evade without forfeiting the nation's respect and endangering our very form of government, to see that its members are elected in a constitutional manner. Intimidation of voters has no place in our Constitution.

LESSONS FROM AUSTRIA

THE ALLIED COUNCIL for the control of Austria took a significant step on June 28, when it signed a plan giving the Austrian Government far more freedom than it has had. The new plan removes all zonal restrictions on movements of Austrian citizens and goods and makes the zones merely limit lines for the occupation troops. It sets the functions of the Allied Council as supervisory rather than administrative. Most important, it makes Austrian laws, other than those affecting the constitution, together with international agreements other than those with the four occupying powers, automatically effective 31 days after their passage, unless *unanimously* disapproved by the Allied Council. Hitherto one vote was enough to veto such laws.

Chancellor Leopold Figl hailed the new plan as the "second step on the way to a new Austria." It is that and more. It is a step toward the solution of the problem of Germany and toward the success of the United Nations.

The new Austrian plan shows clearly once more where lies the weakness of the present administration of Germany. Under economic dismemberment, Austria was floundering to utter ruin; now the economic unity of the country can be achieved. What has been done in Austria can be done and must be done soon in Germany.

Beyond that, the new Austrian set-up is most significant as an indication of how the United Nations can and must work. Every development in current international relationships brings out ever more clearly the impossibility of one world as long as the veto power lies in the hands of any one nation. The Spanish problem has shown that impossibility; even more forcibly, perhaps, the plans for the control of atomic energy highlight it. Here again, in the administration of Austria, it has been found that it was impossible to run the country, let alone start it toward recovery, so long as one nation could block proposed laws.

Faced with this impossibility, even the Russians, the most intransigent advocates of the veto, were forced to yield. Perhaps it was not the mere impossibility that swayed them; it was the impossibility backed up by the strong stand of the other occupying Powers, notably that of the American representative, Gen. Mark W. Clark.

The United Nations must face the problem sooner or later—the power of the veto must go if there is to be one world. That this sinister power *can* be abolished is shown by the fact that it *has* been abolished, if in the rather minor sphere of the administration of Austria. It is from these

smaller successes that a larger political wisdom will take root. It is from the successful firmness of the Western nations against Russia, repeated time and again, at every opportunity, that that nation will be shown that full cooperation, and not stubborn clinging to the veto power, is the only way to world unity. The lesson has been taught in Austria; may it be taught in every other encounter—and learned.

LAND REFORM IN GERMANY

REDUCTION of the large landed estates, some of them dating back to feudal times, is a live political issue in all the zones of occupied Germany. We Americans, not yet conscious of our own growing land problem, are apt to underestimate the feelings of Europeans on the important question of land distribution.

What follows is based on actual news reports, editorials and letters from German newspapers, ably summarized by Wayne D. Rasmussen, formerly of the Information Control Division of AMG and now back with the Bureau of Agricultural Economics. His full-length report appears in the summer issue of *Land Policy Review*.

In Soviet-occupied Germany, land distribution has already progressed to the point where provincial governments can announce that "reform has been completed there on the general basis of the subdivision of large estates into 12-acre tracts." From American newspaper reports, not referred to by the author, we know that the division has not infrequently been carried out in the Soviet zone with an eye to vote-getting and political patronage, and without sufficient regard for sound economic principles. Our chief concern here, however, is with land reform as it has developed in the American-occupied zone.

There are in the American zone three states: Greater Hessen, North Wuerttemberg-Baden and Bavaria. The first state government publicly to consider land reform was that of Greater Hessen. It began work late in 1945, the announcement being made in the November 28 issue of *Wiesbadener Kurier*. The Minister of Agriculture expressed hope at the time that ultimately the problem would be handled uniformly throughout Germany. He stated that in Hessen there were about 1,100 landed estates of more than 247 acres, and that they totaled 40 per cent of the area of the state. It is worth noting that these estates embrace only 7 per cent of the agricultural land.

On December 1 the *Rhein-Necker-Zeitung*, of Heidelberg, advocated land reform in Baden, admitting, however, that there the need is not so

urgent as in other parts of Germany. The whole of Baden, part of which is in the French zone, embraces 254,938 farms. Of these 61 per cent were less than 5 acres each; 24 per cent between 5 and 12 acres; 13 per cent between 12 and 49; 2 per cent between 49 and 247; and 0.23 per cent, owned by 594 families, were over 247 acres. The 594 large landowners held 482,571 acres, while the 154,607 smallest landowners held only 263,193. Not pointed out by the German newspaper writer, but worthy of note, was the fact that only 5.7 per cent of the total agricultural land lies within the large Baden estates. Reasons advanced for subdivision by the German writer were: political safety, by restricting the power of reactionary and militaristic landowners; provision of more food through extended cultivation; and availability of more land for small farmers and refugees. Model farms, estates given to seed-production, and church lands would be exempted.

The platforms of the chief political parties in the American zone take somewhat different positions on the question of land reform. The Communist Party advocates it strongly, though pointing out that it must not result in reduced production and that the reduction of estates is but the righting of an ancient wrong. In Bavaria the Party prepared a pamphlet, "The Communist and the Peasant," and looks for peasant support. It proposes requisitioning of farms of more than 100 hectares, but would leave church lands alone. The new tracts would be of 20 to 30 acres.

Social Democrats strongly favor land reform, but have no specific policy. Division exists within the party as to the means of carrying out reform, although general sentiment is against confiscation without compensation.

The Christian Democratic Union is somewhat more conservative in its demands, and party opinion is not unified as to details of land reform. A conference at Bad Godesberg in December, 1945, adopted resolutions stating that development of free agriculture required the building up of co-operatives and equitable distribution of land to the greatest number of Germans for self-sustaining work. The Democratic Union, however, also lays great stress upon opposition to communistic expropriation and upon private ownership of land. In general, the Union wants a reform that makes for social justice.

The Liberal Democratic Party is less progressive in character and contents itself with advocating reform in general. All of the parties agree, however, on the desirability of some land reform and seem to sense that in the present fluid state of affairs this is the best time to bring it about.

LITERATURE AND ART

A SHRINE FOR MARY'S ASSUMPTION

EARL A. WEIS

IT WAS ONLY A RUSTY, lopsided bucket filled up to its battered brim with small stones—red, grey and blue. Setting on the back porch with the morning glare of the bright August sunlight streaming down upon it, the old pail full of stones was quite unsightly against the flat white of the porch's balustrade. I saw it as I left the house to fetch our ancient lawnmower, for it was the Vigil of the Assumption and the grass needed cutting. As my father said, Catholics passing to Church next day should see that we were keeping up the property. But somehow I did not get to cutting the grass that day. The moment I saw the bucket of rocks, I stopped and stared at them. They had immediately fascinated me.

"Where are they from?" I called to Mother through the kitchen window.

"Oh, Dad picked them out of the sand on the beach at Kelly's Island yesterday. He doesn't know what he'll do with them, but you know your Father, everything he sees . . ."

A bucket of beautifully-veined red, blue and grey stones, none of them as large as my fist, would doubtless be a matter of supreme indifference to many. For example, they would mean nothing to a native of rocky New England, who has so many stones in his fields that he can make walls out of them to fence the cattle in. But I was a boy who tramped the plain, black dirt of the Middle West, and they challenged me just as a pile of scraps from newly-cut lumber always did. I wanted to *do* something with them.

I picked up the bucket and carried it off the porch down the three familiar steps onto the warm grass. There, tipping the rusty pail, I poured out the richly colored stones, crossed and crossed again by white and black stripes. Their round surfaces, washed quite smooth by the waves beating on the shores of Lake Erie, made them flow out evenly into an ever-widening puddle like a thick fluid that could not filter through the matted grass. The stones at the bottom were still covered with the cool, damp sand from the beach at Kelly's Island. Leaning over them, I studied their possibilities carefully.

There were not enough of them to border a flower-bed. They were too small for a rock-garden. Then the idea came. Assumption tomorrow! We should have a shrine for Our Lady in the back yard. The idea stayed.

Picking up the stones again and putting them into the bucket, I carried them down the narrow sandstone walk that divided the yard almost into halves—one with a cherry tree, one with an apricot. On the left side, the apricot side, an oval lilac bush, which had recovered surprisingly from transplanting a year or so before, stood off in the far corner. It had, alas, many seasons before bloomed its last blossoms, and ever since then all the color it was able to show lay in its pleasantly dark, green leaves. The tangle of slender, twisted lilac branches, somewhat held together by an odd piece of wire I once wrapped around the bush to facilitate closer mowing, made a little patch of cool shade. Here I decided to build the shrine.

I requisitioned from under the porch a cinder-grey building-block, the kind that is punctured with three ellipse-shaped holes, to form the base of the shrine. Laying it on its side and terracing dirt up to the top, I succeeded in completely hiding the mound with the Island stones of bright red, deep blue and slate grey, so that I ended up with a tiny structure shaped something like a pyramid with the upper point cut off. In the garage, where one might hope to find almost anything, were a few sample pieces of memorial granite, some Berrie Red, Mottled Venetian and Pink Westerly. These I brought out for a pedestal on top of the little pile. Then I stepped back to look at the new shrine, nestled in the penciled shadow of the old warn-out lilac. It needed only Mary.

I hurried into the house to see my little sister. I knew that she had received lately a small, white-marble Madonna as a gift. After some arguing, some coaxing and, perhaps, a few threats, I came out victorious with the statue in my hands. So that the wind would not blow it over, I fastened it to the base with a bit of shellac left in the bottom of the bottle after I put on my last bicycle tire. The shrine was made.

Probably because they watched with curiosity from the window, the family trooped out just as I finished—little sister firmly asserting her right to take the statue back without previous notice. I maintained that to do so would be sacrilegious, since it belonged now to the Roman Catholic Church. Mother, who said her rosary every day, was highly pleased with any new honor to Our Lady, whose name she bore. My older sister, though a bit fearful that passing Protestants would misinterpret this sign of our devotion, expressed a general sort of approval, as all did in various ways.

For instance, on Assumption Day when our dear friend the pastor came for a chat, he was barely inside the door when little sister took him by the hand and led him through the house into the back yard to see the Assumption Shrine under the old lilac bush. She did it with such enthusiasm that *before* he saw it he must have thought another Bernini has been at work. Nevertheless he showed appreciation.

When, after many months, the next spring came round, my father undertook to build up the rocks that the winter wind and the April rains had displaced. Then he planted before the shrine two red geraniums, with little pansies in between, so the Madonna would have flowers all the summer long. I saw that the shrine had achieved a kind of permanence.

Indeed, the Assumption Shrine has lasted now for a greater period of time than I ever dreamed it would. It has stood longer than most boyish projects have a right to expect, and each year the family's attachment for it seems to grow. Away at boarding school I would hear reports of its condition—how pretty our shrine looked standing there in the white snow, how glass-like it shone in the falling rain, how cool in its little patch of shade it seemed during the summertime, how the leaves on *that* bush were the last to fall one autumn.

Now that August the fifteenth is near again, and once more I am away from home, I am sure any day to hear news of a renovation of the shrine, of some addition to it, of the delicate and significant beauty of the late-blooming asters and sweet alyssum standing in front of Our Lady this year.

And though I am far from the tiny shrine begun years ago

with a bucket-full of colored stones gathered on the beach at Kelly's Island, far, too, from the sturdy red-brick house behind which it stands, *ara focusque menus*, I often pray to the white Madonna out in the garden under the worn-out lilac. There she stands watching from her slight eminence over the home which shelters those I love. May she watch them carefully as she has always done, especially in the late war; may *they* watch *her* as well.

WHAT IS A REVIEW?

UNDER THE TITLE "Book Reviewing: Some Present Discontents," the London *Bookseller* for June 13 calls attention to an interesting development in the English literary scene. It remarks that "publishers and authors, dissatisfied with the way in which their books [are] handled, have frequently grumbled [at the reviewers], sometimes with cause; now, however, there are signs that the dissatisfaction has spread to the reading public itself." The feeling among readers is growing "that reviewers, as guides to reading, are not only unreliable, but wilfully unhelpful."

Some disquieting correspondence from readers is quoted. Readers complain that too many reviews are "either prolix dissertations on general themes or snappy little bits of facetiousness." Another complaint is that reviewers do not seem to know their own minds; they have no sense of responsibility, contradict themselves from one review to another.

The general public, the article continues, expects in a review, first, entertainment and good writing; "but they do not want to have to say at the end, like little Peterkin, 'Now tell us what 'twas all about.'" Reviewers should remember that "what a reader wants is a lucid, objectively critical summary of the chief characteristics of a book, giving him a reliable idea of the sort of book it is, what it is about and whether he would like it."

A flattering comparison is made between American and British reviews—and the flattery is in our favor. American reviews are said to be "sober, workmanlike jobs," "thoughtful, informative reviews," while British reviews are too often "cursorily smart-aleck."

To all these nerve-fraying charges, the British reviewers defend themselves by saying that "so few books are worth reviewing." Mr. George Orwell, prominent author as well as a leading reviewer, has the solution of ignoring the great majority of books and of giving "very long reviews of at least 1,000 words to the few books that seem to matter. The usual middle-length review of about 600 words is bound to be worthless even if the reviewer genuinely wants to write it"—which he generally doesn't, says Mr. Orwell.

Mr. Orwell then goes on to give a humorous account of how a reviewer faces a miscellaneous group of books sent him at the same time, because the editor thinks "they will go well together." That is one problem that reviewers in these columns do not have to face; they are picked for special knowledge, and none of them will be asked to review fiction, history, politics, etc. indiscriminately. One great weakness of the daily reviews in our press is that the reviewer is presumed to be practically omniscient.

Now, this all leads up to the fact that these columns would like to have their readers' opinions, both of their reviews and of the general reviewing scene in the country. Despite the rosy picture the quoted article paints of American reviews, we have pointed out from time to time that American reviewing leaves much to be desired. It may be (disturbing thought!) that our readers are muttering: *Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur*—change the name, and the story fits you. Can *that* be true? H. C. G.

BOOKS

FOR THE SPIRITUAL LIBRARY

MOST WORTHY OF ALL PRAISE. By Vincent P. McCorry, S.J. The Declan X. McMillan Co. \$2

IN SIXTEEN SHORT CONFERENCES, Father McCorry holds up the diamond of the religious life to the light of practical experience and lets its many-colored hues shine forth.

Religious are the brightest ornaments of the Church, but they are also the sharp instruments of God for making precision tools. Hence both the flashy and practical aspect of the jewel are analyzed; and since, in His dealings with men, God is ever careful to leave a sufficiently large scope for the exercise of free will, the jewel under consideration is only a diamond in the rough, which needs to be cut, ground and polished before it shows forth to advantage.

The conferences are directed primarily to religious women, but the applications are for the most part equally suited to religious men. Every topic is handled in a fresh and humorous manner, and has a point which no one can overlook. For all who are peculiarly Christ's, there is a real and special joy in this life. If some know little of this joy, there has been a mistake which can and should be dispelled, and the author sets out to rectify it.

"In His lifetime, Our Lord had a special appeal for women." The history of the Church shows that this extraordinary appeal remains. Women are needed in the Church as much as men and, if success is to be achieved, both must work together. How this may be done is humorously outlined. There follows an analysis of religious vocation, and the special rewards that religious receive for faithful service. Some of Our Lord's requests are quite exacting, and among the most difficult is "to pray and work, practically at the same time." Vocations are not to be forced. The religious barometer will often drop, but one can and should be cheerful and guard against "moods." "Religious should have an eye for small things; however, if small things get in your eye, you can't see anything." Some are always out looking for trouble! "They keep a trouble as more normal folk keep a dog or a cat. It's their pet. Like all pets, it's a nuisance, but it's something around the house, anyhow. Besides, it's mine. . . ."

One generation follows another in religious life, and this creates a problem. The young and the old do not always see eye to eye, but common sense suggests that not every innovation is a menace, nor every tradition useless. Accordingly, "both young and old will do wisely and kindly to minimize, rather than to accentuate, the chronological lines between the generations." Another peril is found in discouragement; but "before we yield up the struggle, let us first sleep on it. All things look different in the morning." When Christ commanded His followers to love one another, He laid on them no impossible obligation. This will be realized by those who do not overlook the supernatural motive for loving our neighbor.

The author concludes with the wish that his efforts will make at least one nun happier here in this valley of tears. I am sure that his wish will be realized, not for one, but for as many as read this exhilarating and stimulating book.

HENRY WILLMERING, S.J.

MARIOLOGY. By Matthias Joseph Scheeben. Translated by Rev. T. L. M. J. Geukers. Volume I. B. Herder Book Co. \$2.50

THE CHAPTERS OF SCHEEBEN'S *Dogmatik* dealing with the Blessed Virgin constitute his most original and most

important contribution to theology. Father Geukers' translation is truly a service which all those interested in theology will appreciate. The section on the Bridal Motherhood of Mary (though some may object to this expression) is exceptionally well done. The concept of Our Lady as Spouse of the Word is the fundamental principle of Scheeben's Mariology. If the book contained nothing but this chapter, it would make the translator's task well worth the effort.

Father Geukers' translation is taken from a recent Flemish translation of Scheeben's German, but this has not marred its faithfulness to the original. In fact, the most serious shortcoming of the present version is its lack of facility in English idiom. Many expressions, translations of words and sentence-forms are too Germanic. Scheeben's difficult thought is apt to be misunderstood at times. But this is true of it in any language. The scientific theologian will always have to ponder the original text.

In a revision of the work it might be well to document all sections with the care accorded to some. Then, too, a table indicating exactly what parts of Scheeben's work have been translated and in what order, and what sections, dealing with Mary, have been omitted, is a desideratum.

Despite these shortcomings, the translator has produced an admirable work, and the second volume will be eagerly awaited.

HERBERT A. MUSURILLO, S.J.

SPIRIT IN DARKNESS. A COMPANION TO BOOK TWO OF THE ASCENT OF MT. CARMEL. By the Rev. Fr. Brice, C.P. Frederick Pustet Co. \$3.50

THIS VOLUME MARKS the second in Fr. Brice's series of practical commentaries on St. John of the Cross' *Subida del Monte Carmelo*. A selection of the Spiritual Book Associates, it is excellently done. Fr. Brice has read the works of St. John and has absorbed their ideas and their spirit extraordinarily well.

The method used is not exegetical; rather, the author seeks to illuminate the leading ideas of the Mystical Doctor by a series of comparative studies and reflections, using the other writings of St. John and the works of St. Thomas as a guide in his interpretation. The entire book is written in a moving style (though somewhat florid in places), and it certainly succeeds in bringing St. John of the Cross closer not only to the layman, for whom the book seems primarily intended, but also for the theologian as well.

St. John is frankly difficult reading for anyone; and his theological thought does not shine forth so lucidly as that of the Angelic Doctor. This will account for much of the obscurity still latent, unfortunately, in Fr. Brice's attempt to clarify his thought, and much that is puzzling in the order and progress of the chapters.

There is one thing, however, which should be remarked. The work, though replete with references to St. Thomas and the works of St. John, quotes none of the modern commentators of the Carmelite Doctor, nor any modern theologian save Fr. Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P. Again, the unwary reader might be misled into believing that there are no *cruces* in St. John, that all is simple and plain sailing. One realizes, of course, that in a book of this nature the author could not very well go deeply into the more complex details of mystical theology. Yet perhaps it would have been advisable to give more of an indication that certain questions treated in the course of the book are still hotly disputed among recognized schools of theological thought. Such questions are, for example, the "universal call" to mystical prayer, the precise nature of the mystical union and the difference between ordinary prayer and infused contemplation, the specific function of the gifts of the Holy Spirit.

But, notwithstanding, Fr. Brice has done an excellent piece of work in this commentary on the Dark Night of the Soul. We look forward to the appearance of the rest of the series and sincerely hope that the author's "companion to St. John of the Cross" will receive as wide an acclaim in its own sphere as Fr. Farrell's *Companion to the Summa*.

HERBERT A. MUSURILLO, S.J.

THE KINGDOM OF JESUS. By St. John Eudes. Introduction by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen. Translated by a Trappist Father. P. J. Kenedy and Sons. \$3

THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. By St. John Eudes. Introduction by Rev. Gerald B. Phelan. Translated by Dom. Richard Flower, O.S.B. P. J. Kenedy and Sons. \$2

ST. JOHN EUDES is not widely known in the United States. Yet, besides being the founder of a congregation of men (popularly known as the Eudist Fathers) and of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, he was, in the words of two Pontiffs, "the Father, Doctor and Apostle of the devotion to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, and the author of its liturgical worship." His writings, which are in the main inspired by the spirituality of the school of Cardinal Berulle, were re-edited in France in 1935. These two volumes are the first English translations. *The Kingdom of Jesus* treats of the nature of the Christian life and supplies chapters on fundamental virtues, exercises of piety and prayers for various occasions. *The Sacred Heart of Jesus* is a series of essays and meditations and contains the Mass, Office and Litanies composed by the saint. The translations are markedly well done.

Historians and theologians of the devotion to the Sacred Heart may still discuss the precise formulation of its object, trace the various stages of its evolution, and contrast the teaching of St. John Eudes with that of St. Margaret Mary and the tradition stemming from Paray. It is true that in the two approaches there are some dissimilarities and that certain expressions used by St. John Eudes are no longer in current usage. Yet the solid dogmatic basis of these devotional works, so free from careless sentiment and cloying pietism, has stood the test of time. In a world so riven by hate and so needing the unifying force of love, these two works can and should notably contribute to the spread of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, which St. Margaret Mary once ominously called "the last effort of His love."

STEWART E. DOLLARD

GOOD MAINE NOVEL

SPOONHANDLE. By Ruth Moore. Wm. Morrow. \$2.75

MISS MOORE'S ANCESTORS lived in Maine for five generations on an island a mile and a half off the coast and seventeen miles from Bar Harbor. In *Spoonhandle* she has vividly portrayed life on just such an island; she has written of the natural beauties, the difficulties of a fisherman's life, the jealousies and gossip of the members of the Ladies' Aid; she has brought out the flavor of the colloquial speech and shown the exultation that comes from a good catch; she has realized the problems created by the coming of "summer people" to such an island and depicted the various reactions of the islanders to their coming.

The people in the book really come to life with all their faults and their virtues. Willie Stilwell lived by himself on Little Spoon Island because "Y'see I ain't a violent man. The's somethin' about the pull an haul between people I can't stand. I found that out a long time ago, so I come away by myself"; his brother Horace went to live with Willie because he saw that Willie had the serenity he de-



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Compiled by DANIEL M. O'CONNELL, S.J.

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The famous, hundred-year-old classic, edited for college classes and for private study. Cardinal Newman's nine lectures on religious prejudice were delivered in England in 1851. They make up a volume marked by humor, satire, brilliant analysis, and unequalled style. *Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England* is a work that serves as a highly successful introduction to Newman because it does not labor under the handicap of abstract and close thought, or remote topics, or purely academic issues. This edition contains forty pages of valuable notes by the editor, DANIEL M. O'CONNELL, S.J.

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AMERICA PRESS PUBLICATIONS

sired; their sister Agnes, the "uppity" one of the family, was inordinately proud of her family background and ashamed of the two brothers who refused to live in her fine house and kowtow to her whims; Pete, the oldest brother—store-keeper, selectman, schemer, cheat and liar—thought himself a much worthier citizen than either of his lowly brothers who were only fishermen. Ann Freeman came home from New York to write her second book and recover from an unhappy love affair: "She had begun to think about the old values again. They seemed, now that she wasn't blinded and stumbling around any more, to be the only basis for any relationship between any human beings. She was beginning to know again with certainty, as she once had, that the needs of the body and the needs of the spirit were in balance, and must be, over and against the needs of the body and spirit in someone you loved." She found that "someone" not in the city of glamor and adventure, but on Little Spoon island. There are many others, each so well drawn that he has his own distinctive personality and his own place in the life of the island.

This is not a great novel that will become a classic, but it is one of the best novels of the year, and it is suitable for any one in the family who cares to read it. Miss Moore hopes she will make enough money on it to "finish shingling the roof of the house and put a new sill under the barn"; she deserves to make more than that but, whatever the financial reward may or may not be, she can be proud of having written *Spoonhandle*. MARY L. DUNN

FLAVORFUL PARTISANSHIP

THE WILSON ERA: THE YEARS OF WAR AND AFTER (1917-1923). By Josephus Daniels. The University of North Carolina Press. \$4

JOSEPHUS DANIELS MAKES the Wilson Era read like a story of 1940-1945, for politics, national mobilization, foreign policy and military planning are constant elements of Washington at war. Before this fourth volume of Daniels' memoirs, we were very familiar with the "Tar Heel Editor," who entered local politics and emerged as the Secretary of the Navy during the Wilson Era of Peace (1910-1917) and that of war (1917-1923). The present book continues true to form, for Mr. Daniels is still pleasantly egotistical, always a Southerner, a Navy enthusiast well versed in party compromise and, above all, a solid Democrat with Wilson as the idol.

The "Years of War and After" is as facetiously written as its predecessors, although occasionally repetitious and frequently vitriolic. There are barbs for the English and their "Freedom of the Seas." There is strong censure for Ambassador Page and Admiral Sims, who in London acquiesced in English decisions; for First Lord of the Admiralty Long at the "sea battle of Paris." Sir Edward Grey and his Washington meddling and, of course, Colonel House and his Paris desertion receive their just desserts.

Mr. Daniels wisely treats only those matters with which he was conversant. One would look in vain, therefore, for a comprehensive treatment of the Wilson war administration or for a scholarly study of the evolution of the League of Nations. The first half of the book concerns the Navy and its preparations for war and victory. Allied strategy, combined operations, the North Sea barrage against sea-hornets, the remarkable Navy ferrying-service are his key themes. All details prove the thesis that "The Navy won the War!" and illustrate the competency of Mr. Daniels' administration. Even his discussion of the Paris treaty-making hinges upon naval problems.

From Versailles, Daniels returns to Washington where Wilson the Covenant begins his fight for the Covenant. We follow Wilson to the cabinet meetings and the dismissal of Lansing; we journey from coast to coast as he campaigns for the League and American participation. President Wilson is, to be sure, the angel of light—as also a very accurate prophet. An inconsistent, spiteful Lodge and Pittsburgh money represent the devil incarnate! There follow the eclipse of Wilsonian ideals and the ultimate disillusion with the Republican victory of 1920, the *coup de grâce* for the League and the scuttling of the American Navy by the Washington Conference. A tired, broken President withdraws to S Street, while his faithful Daniels goes home to Raleigh to await the Democratic revival.

Despite the displays of acrimony and the patently partisan viewpoint, this volume is recommended. It captures the flavor of the era and is replete with descriptions and anecdotes about the world-famous figures of the day. The author opens the bag of politics to reveal the "behind the scenes story" of Jenkins, "Petroleum Fall," the "Petticoat Government" and the possible Wilson draft in 1920. Numerous cartoons and illustrations enhance the attractive format.

JOSEPH A. ROCK

THE TAKERS OF THE CITY. By H. R. Hays. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$2.75

THE CENTRAL FIGURE of this historical novel is Bartolomé de las Casas, who toward the end of his turbulent life (c. 1474-1566) was Bishop of Chiapas (Mexico). Bishop Las Casas was in early years a lawyer, but soon became a priest devoted to the cause of the Indians in Nicaragua, Central America and southern Mexico, against what he violently protested was the inhuman cruelty and injustice of their Spanish conquerors. This novel presents Las Casas in the Mexican phase of his zeal for reform, in which as in his previous attempts he was unsuccessful—defeated by his own violence of method.

The author has evidently put considerable research into the preparation of his narrative, and claims historical authenticity for the episodes in which Las Casas moves. And yet the overall impression seems to be in the nature of a rehash of the larger aspects of the "Black Legend," toward which, some say, Las Casas contributed by his many writings too strongly partisan to the Indians, or unfairly anti-colonist.

However that may be, in my opinion the book has little worth, and contains much to condemn it as pleasant reading: the frequent detailing of the natives' nakedness and of anatomical features or physiological functions in a vulgar way.

ROBERT E. HOLLAND

MEN AND POWER. By Henry J. Taylor. Dodd, Mead and Co. \$3

MR. TAYLOR WAS A WAR CORRESPONDENT for the Scripps-Howard papers. During the course of his travels, he interviewed numerous important men and had the opportunity of watching various systems of government in operation.

Among the personages who gave him audiences were Pope Pius XII, Chiang Kai-shek, Goering, Franco, Salazar, General Eisenhower, and many of the leading Allied Generals, including Montgomery and Patton. The main drawback with these interviews is their brevity. They tend to leave the reader with a sense of incompleteness. Taylor's conversation with His Holiness and the one he had with Professor Salazar seem to have impressed him the most. Conversely, his opinions of Franco and Goering are not very flattering.

The author does not possess a very lofty feeling about

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some of the countries he visited. Italy, for example, emerges as a country which "has never been anything but a third-rate power since the fall of Rome, or, for that matter, since the first centuries of the Christian era"—a somewhat Gibbonish view. He says of the French people that "it remains for them to establish a national unity, a moral and spiritual rebirth in their nation, and for the country as a whole to make up its mind to go back to work." Moreover, he clearly recognizes that France's greatest danger at the moment is the Kremlin.

But it is when he speaks of Russia that he appears to this reviewer to be on his strongest ground. Fear, he finds, is Russia's biggest defect. It "permeates and pollutes the power system from top to bottom." Any system which insists that its people must believe implicitly and obey everything the government tells them contains a fatal weakness. Such a population can only be "minors in perpetuity." Moreover, the problems of converting a government based on war conditions to those of peace are enormous. It is much simpler not to try but, instead, to continue "aggression, war-making propaganda at home and the castigation of democracies abroad [along with] the assassination of freedom." The logical conclusion of the course Russia is now pursuing is a war which can only bring disaster to her. In summary, this is a book which contains some attractive material but, on the whole, there is nothing exceptional about it.

THOMAS MAHONEY

WILLIWAW. By Gore Vidal. E. P. Dutton and Co. \$2.50

WINE FOR MY BROTHERS. By Robert Emmett Higgins-botham. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50

SOMEHOW OR OTHER, the words "weak coffee" come to mind in describing *Williwaw*. It is not because the book is a first novel of a twenty-year-old; it is not because the writing of *Williwaw* took only nine months from start to finish; it is simply because *Williwaw* seems like nothing so much as weak coffee. There is a little strength, yes, and some interesting description, yes, and a bit of characterization—but it is all so weak.

Take Chaplain O'Mahoney, for instance. It needs a deal of guessing to determine, in spite of the name, that he is a priest. Why, even the enthusiast who wrote the jacket description could only mention this chaplain's professional platitudes and fear of being seasick. There is a woman in the case, of course, but she appears only once, and then it is as a barmaid with a profession to ply. Even the triumph of one rival over the other is as much an accident as anything else, and so it is entered in the officer's report.

The book gets its title from a williwaw, a gale peculiar to the Aleutians. Nowhere does the book suggest Conrad or any of the good sea writers except by contrast.

In sharp contrast to the weakness of *Williwaw* is the strength, even pungency, of *Wine for My Brothers*, a story of life and action on an oil tanker in the late war. There is a remarkable plot, and the play of minds, wherein the real conflict lies, is admirably described. Being a revelation of minds and motives and emotions, it is highly subjective, but it doesn't have that psychopathic tone so often found in such studies.

Although all of the action of the book takes place on a tanker at sea, the sea doesn't enter into the story at all. The entire action is centered on the play of emotions and nerves and wits between the evil Captain Bohn and the crew, notably Blackie. Of course, with fidelity to a tradition that seems to have grown up around sailors, any departure from the actual development of the plot seems to be by way of discussion of the girl in every port.

Whatever it is, *Wine for My Brothers* is not weak. If you can stomach the unpleasantness, you may find the book readable.
JOHN J. CONRON

RELIGION IN AMERICA. By Willard L. Sperry. The Macmillan Co. \$2.50

IN THIS VOLUME, the Dean of the Harvard Divinity School presents a survey, written primarily for a British audience, of the present situation of religion in the United States. By his own confession, Doctor Sperry has taken on a most difficult task.

A more exact title for the volume would have been "Protestantism in America." While the Catholic constituency in this country numbers well over half the combined Protestant church-membership, it receives, of course, nowhere near half the detailed treatment devoted to Protestantism. One has become resigned, in reading books of this nature, to the discovery of a brief chapter, usually near the end of the book, devoted to the Catholic Church. These chapters are invariably written with great care to avoid offense; invariably, but understandably, they delineate a rather distorted Catholicism. For Protestant misapprehensions of things Catholic are only equalled by Protestant apprehensions of Catholicism. Indeed, Doctor Sperry devotes several pages to a recapitulation of these apprehensions. He does not say whether he agrees with these suspicions. But it is rather unpleasant to find, in another section of his book, his opinion that the Catholic minority is "biding its time when they shall out-populate and thus outvote their Protestant neighbors."

In his treatment of Protestantism the author presents, on the whole, a rather complete and well-balanced picture. But he largely ignores a most important aspect: the fact that the major Protestant sects appeal chiefly, if not exclusively, to the middle and upper classes in American society. When he does touch upon the topic, he writes in a fashion inconceivable in a Catholic. So he declares: "A proper pride might prompt me to say something of American Congregationalism; its identification in 6,000 parishes with a great upper-middle-class constituency of nearly a million persons, rather than the people at the two extremes of the social scale . . ." (pp. 113-114). Other Protestant churchmen find such a situation not an occasion for pride, but for self-searching and lament. Christ came to save all men; His gospel appeals to all classes. When a denomination is restricted to a special caste, one wonders if the reason may be that the gospel preached in its churches has suffered a sea-change.

FRANCIS X. CURRAN, S.J.

WHO'S WHO

EDWIN NIEDERBERGER, prior to service in the Army, held various administrative and statistical positions with certain of the governmental agencies. Since his discharge he has been on the staff of the *Pittsburgh Catholic*.

MARIELI BENZIGER, writer and genealogist, ran a boarding school in California for children of servicemen during the war. She is at present abroad, studying the social aftermath of war.

LOUIS BARR is the pen name of a Midwest educator who saw service as special probation officer in his State for several years and had opportunity to observe juvenile-delinquency problems as a newspaperman.

REV. JEAN MINERY, S.J., a French chaplain who served for several years under General LeClerc, is now in this country studying U. S. educational systems.

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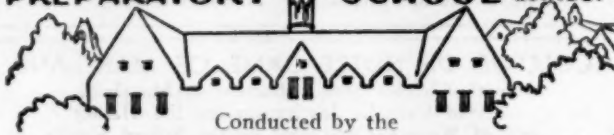
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THEATRE

STILL MORE ABOUT ACTING. The preceding column closed on a question. Which is superior acting, I asked, interpreting a vivid character precisely as a competent playwright created it or making a hollow and implausible character glow with the illusion of life? Most of us will reply according to predilection.

Everyone knows there are more good actors than first-rate playwrights. There are inevitable fluctuations in the quality of an author's work. If actors refused to accept second-rate roles in mediocre plays, many of them would have to seek another means of earning a living or devote their talents exclusively to the classics. But conceding these facts will not alter anyone's opinion of what constitutes good acting.

Perhaps it doesn't matter, since only a few of us can distinguish good acting from intelligent direction. We frequently praise or disparage an actor when it is the director who has earned the credit or blame. Few modern actors have won the universal acclaim that rewarded Richard B. Harrison for his performance as De Lawd in *The Green Pastures*. Mr. Harrison was not at all reluctant to admit that his success was largely the result of imaginative direction.

It is not unusual for an actor to give a sparkling performance in one play and in his next production descend to mediocrity or worse. In *Anna Lucasta*, Fred O'Neil was close to perfect as a mischievous schemer, a sort of Aframerican Iago. In *Christophe*, certainly a better play, his performance was monotonous and at times almost wooden. The reason, I think, was because in the latter play he did not have the benefit of Harry Wagstaff Gribble's sensitive direction.

Canada Lee is another actor whose style is apparently determined by his direction. As Bigger Thomas, in *Native Son*, directed by Orson Welles, Mr. Lee was florid and emotional, and he plays in a similar key in *On Whitman Avenue*, directed by Margo Jones. In *Anna Lucasta*, responding to Mr. Gribble's light touch, Mr. Lee's performance was eloquent without boiling over in declamation.

This may suggest that Mr. Lee and other actors who respond to skilful direction are mere putty in the director's hands, hence, are not actors but mannikins. The truth is precisely the opposite. A good actor is one who, aside from his natural gifts, has sense enough to take direction. He must be cooperative enough to be receptive to the director's guidance and intelligent enough to follow his hints and instructions.

Good acting is often—indeed, all too often—the result of mob hysteria or the skilful manipulation of crowds. Here, of course, we enter the slums and underworld of the art, but the influence of those nether regions is too important to be ignored. An actress may be catapulted to popularity by wearing her nylons well, or an actor lionized because of his extracurricular reputation as a glamor boy. Or a performer may gain a following by tacitly subscribing to an ideology. Once his box-office appeal has been established, by whatever means, producers will compete for his services and most reviewers will attribute his gaucheries to misdirection or inept playwriting.

In an art in which there are no definite standards or fixed values, one man's judgment is as good as another's or at least counts for as much. It may not be too wide of the truth to say that good acting is the art of deceiving the most people with the most money to spend at the box office.

THEOPHILUS LEWIS

FILMS

THE STRANGER. Orson Welles' flair for frightening simple folk is perfected in this taut and thoroughly implausible melodrama. The film joins the Hollywood cycle now contending for the phoenix rather than the swastika as the true nazi symbol. The brooding plot develops major suspense only after its premise is assumed, that a top nazi exterminator could turn up, without further explanation, as a respected teacher in an American school and prospective son-in-law of a national officeholder. Welles, as director and in his impersonation of a one-man *Bund*, lends psychopathic touches and all the benefits of clever business and lighting. The effect is chilling when the machinery does not creak. The professor's strange acceptance by his small-town neighbors is menaced when a war-crimes investigator tracks him down through the murder of a crazy confederate. His bride loves him literally to distraction but, after an attempt on her life, traps him in the church steeple. The climax, in which the nazi is gored by a moving figure on the village clock as he threatens the howling mob below, is an index to the studied horror of the film, placing it in the Madame Tussaud tradition in spite of its forced political implications. Excellent support is provided by Loretta Young, Edward G. Robinson and Billy House in a thriller for *adults*. (RKO)

CRACK-UP. The simple, time-worn ingredients of the crime story, murder and romance in equal amounts, no longer suffice nowadays when every scenarist is his own psychologist. The hero in this episode must contend not only with art-forgers and suspicious policemen but also with an insidious plot to undermine his sanity. If this trend continues, half the normal dialog will soon be abnormal terminology. A respected member of an art museum finds his explanation of a train accident and attack discredited, and himself maneuvered into suspicion of murder as part of a scheme to smuggle forged masterpieces out of the country. He is both hunter and quarry until the real culprits are cornered. While director Irving Reis is juggling the baffling events, some of the suspense is dissipated, but Pat O'Brien, Claire Trevor, Herbert Marshall and Wallace Ford give superior performances in a good *adult* mystery yarn. (RKO)

STRANGE TRIANGLE. The title of this film is hardly suggestive of the plot, which, by way of compensation, is not as suggestive as the title. It is not the usual muddled romance of the cup-and-saucer school but an exercise in heroics in which a bank examiner tries to take the blame for the financial misdeeds of his employer's younger brother. The examiner had become enamored of the villainess before she turned up again as the scheming wife of the young branch manager, advising him to cover a minor speculation by a full-dress embezzlement. The wife is removed in one of those self-defense scuffles, and the young man surrenders. Ray McCarey directed, with Preston Foster, Signe Hasso and John Shepperd in chief roles. *Adults* will find this only fair entertainment. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

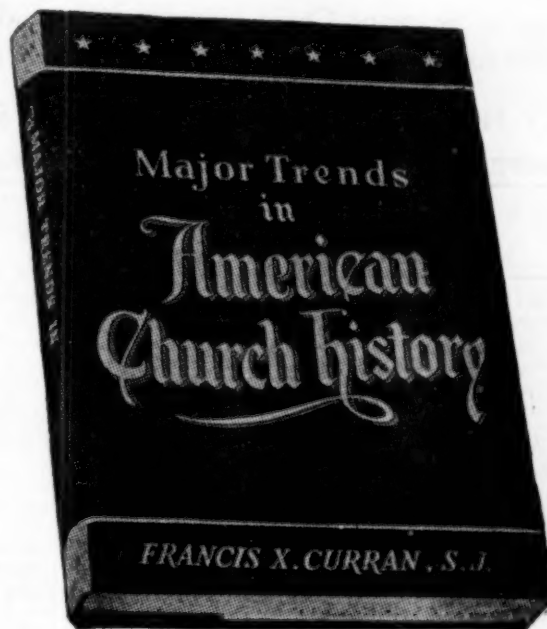
HOT CARGO. This is a *family*-sized story of chicanery in the logging business which takes its cue from the background of California redwoods in featuring hearts of oak. Two veterans come to the aid of a buddy's family in its struggle against rival truckers and set matters right. Lew Landers' direction is as straightforward as the simple, muscular theme demands, and William Gargan, Jean Rogers and Philip Reed are adequate in a minor program-filler. (*Paramount*)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

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PARADE

DEEP IN THE HUMAN HEART lies a yearning for fixity, for security in all desirable things, a yearning that is never completely gratified here below. . . . No matter how natural, how legitimate this yearning may be, it frequently experiences during earthly life nothing but brutal frustration. . . . It is quite natural, quite legitimate for a man giving a bachelor dinner on the eve of his wedding to a pretty blonde society girl to want to feel certain that the girl will show up for the marriage ceremony the next day. . . . He wants to, but he can't. . . . No man can be sure, as was seen in Colorado, where an elaborate social wedding could not be performed because the bride was absent. At the moment scheduled for the wedding, she was miles away, honeymooning with a friend of the would-be bridegroom, a friend who had been present at the bachelor dinner the night before.

The longing for security extends in all directions. . . . A city housewife busily working around the home likes to feel sure that there are no bears under her porch. . . . No housewife, however, busy or otherwise, can be sure of this. . . . In Chicago, last week, a woman telephoned police, yelled for help against bears. Rushing to the address, the officers found two bears outside under the porch, found the housewife inside under a bed. . . . Firemen want to be certain they won't receive alarms involving trivial incidents such as the antics of a cat. . . . They cannot, however, possess any such certainty. . . . In a small New Jersey community, a tiger-striped cat walked across the stage while the public-school graduation exercises were under way and messed up the program until removed by hastily assembled volunteer firemen. Eight hours later the firemen were again called to remove the same cat from a tree. Brought to fire headquarters, the cat became entangled in the alarm-box mechanism. It took the entire fire corps to rid the mechanism of the cat.

Surely, some captious folks may object, surely two businessmen visiting a big city for a convention can drop into a night club, pay the orchestra to play *Melancholy Baby*, and feel sure of a pleasant evening listening to their favorite music. . . . Unfortunately, life is not like that. . . . Confronting two visiting business men in a Chicago night club, a rough-looking individual remarked: "Me and my two pals don't like *Melancholy Baby*. It makes us feel sad. Tell the orchestra to stop playing it." When the business men replied they wouldn't, the roughs wiped up the night-club floor with the business men. . . . One might think a family purchasing a new home could move into it with the assured feeling that no nineteenth-century skeleton would drop out of the ceiling. . . . But a Chicago family were having their new home renovated when, toppling down with the plaster, came a human adult skeleton wrapped in Pittsburgh, Pa., newspapers, dated 1896.

There is, in a word, during this life no way of knowing one minute what is going to happen the next. . . . Only on the other side of the grave are fixity and security achieved. . . . Men whose deeds have led them to the nether regions obtain a sort of security, a security in reverse, the kind that makes even insecurity look good. . . . On the other hand, men who have saved their souls win the marvelous security of eternal happiness. . . . They know with absolute certainty that they are always going to be where they want to be.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

CORRESPONDENCE

CATHOLIC AGRICULTURAL SCHOOLS

EDITOR: I noted with considerable interest the article, "Out of the Rut," in your June 15 issue.

It does not appear surprising that there are few, if any, agricultural schools conducted under Catholic direction when it is recognized that, with few exceptions, the Catholic Church in the United States is almost totally urban. In the few sections where there is to be found a considerable number of rural Catholics the local priests have done a remarkable job in organizing and improving farm conditions.

All of the schools of agriculture, such as the Smith-Hughes High School and the Land-Grant colleges, are heavily supported by the nation and the States. This support has been so large that practically none of the private institutions in this country has attempted to compete with them. The cost on a per-student basis of agricultural education, particularly in the higher grades, is considerable, and the number of students that would be attracted to such Catholic schools would be limited.

Having been an instructor in an agricultural college in a definitely rural Southeastern State for approximately forty years, I do not, at this time, recall more than half a dozen Catholic students that I have had in my classes. It is, therefore, with considerable interest that I note the activities that are being developed at St. Ambrose College in Iowa. The time has certainly come for our Church to turn its attention to rural America, for in this field a great contribution can be made to our spiritual, agricultural, social and economic conditions. This has been demonstrated by the things that have happened in certain Parishes of Louisiana and also in areas of rural Canada.

Athens, Ga.

T. H. McHATTON

AMERICA'S WATERWAYS

EDITOR: The splendid article, "Europe's Waterways: Key to Peace," by Otakar Kabelac in your June 22 issue has come to our attention.

What Mr. Kabelac says about the value of inland waterways in Europe is undeniable. All authorities know that for certain materials, products and commodities, no other method of transportation can even approach the low cost of waterways. That is why they are so important to Europe; also, the reason for the great resurgence of inland transportation in America. But when Mr. Kabelac states: "They [inland waterways] were given up as obsolete in the United States a long time ago," he is grossly ignorant of the present situation. There is as much difference between the inland and intracoastal waterway equipment of yesteryear and that of today as there is between the old wood-burning steam locomotives and the present-day motive giants and other rail equipment.

Inland waterways are on the march. The American Waterways Operators made public a report recently which showed that, by 1944, the inland and intracoastal waterways of the United States, not including the Great Lakes, were carrying 31,300 million ton-miles of freight, an increase of over 57 per cent from the 19,900 million ton-miles carried in 1939. The report showed that, in an analysis of the traffic carried, long-haul water movements showed greatest gains in wartime traffic; ton-miles more than doubled on the Mississippi, Ohio and Illinois Rivers; growth of traffic on the Mississippi and its tributaries has been on the increase for many years, and this part of the increased volume is a normal increase.

An inland waterway, the 50-mile-long dredged Houston Ship Channel, made Houston, Texas, a former inland city, third largest port in the Nation, greatest city of the Southwest, and gave it a great, prosperous hinterland. Expansion and development always follow low-cost water transportation.

Again, the importance of inland and intracoastal waterways in Europe, and no less in America, is attributable to a simple, indisputable reason—economy.

WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE, *Editor*

New York, N. Y.

The Marine News

UNITY UNDER CHRIST'S BANNER

EDITOR: The recent visit to the United States of Cardinal Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster, would seem to underline the note which runs through so many of the public utterances of the Holy Father, Pope Pius XII—namely, the need for world solidarity among all men of good will, especially those of the Christian tradition, under the leadership of the Church. "The Church," says the Pope "must be more than ever supranational."

We cannot look at the face of the world today and not be struck by the fact that the powers of Anti-Christ have attained a world solidarity that has hardly been equalled in the modern era. Satan has been loosed for a while. The atmosphere is charged with the spirit of attack upon "all that is called God."

If we were to view the current scene without faith, hope for the future would die in our hearts. The call of our faith in this crucial time of man is for prayer, action and sacrifice, under the banner of Christ the King. It is a call for a world solidarity in Christian Action, similar to that which in past ages brought order out of chaos, and the Peace of Christ from out of the bitter conflicts of men.

Providence, R. I.

WILLIAM E. KERRISH

JESUIT MARTYRS

EDITOR: Your "Comment" Editor, reflecting on the canonization of Mother Cabrini ("First American Saint," June 29), says: *for the first time in our history we will have resting within our boundaries the body of one whose soul, on the infallible word of God's Church, enjoys the Beatific Vision.*

Enjoying the same ineffable Vision, on the same infallible word (June 29, 1930) and resting within the same glorious American boundaries, are the bodies of three of your Editor's brothers in Christ—Sts. René Goupil, Isaac Jogues, and John Lalande, the three-hundredth anniversary of whose martyrdoms in New York State we are celebrating this year.

The body of St. René Goupil, martyred at Auriesville, New York, on September 29, 1642, rests in the quiet, lovely ravine at the Shrine of the Martyrs, untouched since its loving burial there by St. Isaac Jogues.

The body of St. Isaac Jogues, martyred also at Auriesville, on October 18, 1646, was thrown into the Mohawk River, his head impaled on one of the village fences.

His companion, St. John Lalande, met the same fate on the following day, October 19, 1646.

They are three of the eight Jesuit Martyrs of North America canonized in 1930 as the first saints of our land. For them, understandably, we float our flag.

THOMAS J. COFFEY, S.J.

Director, National Shrine of the North American Martyrs.

Auriesville, N. Y.

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THE WORD

IN HIS HISTORY of the Navy, Fletcher Pratt tells how Admirals Schley and Sampson trapped the Spanish Admiral Cervera in Santiago harbor. Cervera made a desperate dash for the open sea, ran into a blizzard of fire and, in a brief engagement, saw his ships shattered and silenced. When the crew of one American vessel would have raised a shout of victory, their captain stopped them, saying: "Don't cheer, boys, the poor devils are dying."

The idiom is salty, but the sentiment is sound. It typifies that magnanimity which we like to regard as characteristically American. It is a spirit which is often reduced to natural virtue and described as "sportsmanship"; but it is deeply rooted in traditional Christianity as the gospel for the fifth Sunday after Pentecost attests.

That gospel is taken from the Sermon on the Mount, Christ's skeletal outline of His Kingdom, sometimes called the Magna Carta of Christianity. After announcing the Beatitudes, Our Lord went on authoritatively to complete the Old Law and to correct theological misinterpretations. The Scribes and Pharisees had wrung the Law dry of its unction and preserved only the desiccated rind. "Unless your justice [that is, your general holiness] exceed that of the Scribes and Pharisees," He warned, "you shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven." The Decalogue had forbidden murder, but Christ reminds His listeners that the ugly stirrings of interior resentment, the corrosive smolderings of secret hatred can also be crimes.

Mere external observance of the Law, therefore, is not enough without the interior consistency which is sincerity. Many of us who think of murder only with a shudder, do not hesitate to murder a reputation by that kind of talk for which the slang expression "catty" is a perfect description—the sort of talk which purrs along urbanely and suddenly shows claws to rip and rend someone's fair name. Even in Church we can find our souls soured by uncharitable thoughts of those around us; we feel superior to them, condemn them in our minds and thereby equivalently make the condescending "prayer" of the Pharisee: "O God, I thank Thee that I am not like the rest of men" (Luke 18:11).

We have been educated by gossip columnists to forget the seriousness of uncharitable speech. When we look at others, we are all satirists, quick to notice defects and to discuss them, regarding all men as fair targets, ready to impale anyone on an epigram. But when we turn our eyes within, that sharp genius for detecting faults is suddenly blunted and we can see nothing wrong. If only we could reverse the process, veil other people's faults in the indulgence we grant ourselves, and view our own short-comings with the severity we reserve for others, then we would be in a fair way of achieving that mentality which Christ, in today's gospel, insists is a necessary requisite for membership in His Kingdom. "But thou, why dost thou judge thy brother? Or thou, why dost thou despise thy brother? For we shall all stand at the judgment seat of God," St. Paul declares (Rom. 14-11).

What is true of individuals is true of nations. Right now, with the international air choked by suspicion and black with accusations, we are losing the last and greatest battle of the war—that against hatred. The new order can be realized, Pius XII warns the world "only when a mutual love and a lively sense of charity unite all the sons of the same Father and all those redeemed by the same Divine Blood." If we looked at all men as sons of the same Father, redeemed by His Divine Son, we would certainly regard them with greater reverence and respect. **WILLIAM A. DONAGHY**

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